The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1903.

The Week.

On June 10 the Federal grand jury at Montgomery asked Judge Jones of the United States Court for a construction of the act of the Alabama Legislature known as the Criminal Contract law. It is partly under the provisions of this statute, enacted in the session of 1901-1902, and cunningly designed to operate solely against ignorant and friendless negroes, that a great deal of the iniquity has been practised. It is entitled, an act "to punish any person who has contracted in writing to labor or serve for any given time . . . and who, before the expiration of such contract and without the consent of the other party, abandons such contract," etc. This is the statute which Judge Jones decided yesterday to be in conflict with the Federal Constitution, and therefore null and void. How great a blow this will be to the defence in the peonage cases will be understood by any one familiar with the method pursued in reënslaving the negroes. Arrested and fined, often illegally, for trivial offences, they are then "sold" as convicts. The purchaser goes through the form of making them sign a contract for a year's labor—or for two or three, as the case may be. They agree to work as directed, consent to be under armed guards, and to be locked up at night, and to submit to whatever discipline their employers (or owners) may see fit to inflict. Any impartial court would hold, we suppose, that all such contracts, manifestly made under duress, were invalid. But Judge Jones has gone further and struck at the Criminal Contract law itself. This he declares unconstitutional, as being in conflict with the Constitutional guarantees against imprisonment for debt. The result can only be to weaken if not destroy the defence which the Alabama slave-drivers expected to set up, and to make the prospect of conviction brighter.

The decision by the Supreme Court of Tennessee that the "Jim Crow" car law of 1903 is unconstitutional, ends one attempt to force a street car company to discriminate between blacks and whites. The Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* says that the law was conceived under circumstances "which had best not be related at this time," that it was "almost surreptitiously hurried through the Senate of the last General Assembly," and that it is now declared "invalid, illogical, unjust, and unconstitutional." There was strong opposition to the bill in Memphis, not because of any dislike for the principle involved, but because it was certain to work hardship to the travelling public, particularly as the bill called for a division of the cars, and not for separate ones for blacks and whites. The company never attempted to obey the law, and was warned by white people that if it did its officials would be enjoined. The matter was finally tested by two citizens asking for the indictment of the officials for failure to enforce the law, which resulted in a fine of $200. The Supreme Court remits the fine and quashes the indictment. So sweeping is the victory that there is a general belief that the subject will be let alone for some time to come. In the few places where the Jim Crow law has been applied to street cars, it does not work well from any point of view. The head of the New Orleans railways was, we believe, recently fined for failure to obey the law. One of the main obstacles to its extension is the increased running expenses involved. In the South, as elsewhere, racial prejudices usually disappear when to insist upon them means that the "superior" race will be out of pocket thereby.

New definitions of "business" are offered every day. Whenever Walking Delegate Parks said to his callers, "Now talk business," he meant, "Now produce your bribes." Much the same idea of practical affairs seems to have pervaded the gang of post-office thieves. The evidence taken at Baltimore on Thursday was highly significant. When the innocent contractor proposed to furnish to the Government for 60 cents mail pouches which cost him 35, the purchasing agent at once indignantly remonstrated that there was no "business" in that. "Take my advice and put in a bid at 90." Said and done, and the 40 per cent. "rake-off" to the agent was the fit reward of his talent. But the transaction was only sneak-thief robbery compared with the illustrations of the same principle in 1898. We were credibly informed of one shipowner who wanted to sell some vessels to the Government for $1,250,000, but was told by the official go-between that he might just as well ask $3,000,000. He declined to go into the fine speculation, apparently believing that, though Tacitus called money "the nerves of war," it required too much "nerve" to rob the Government of so great a sum.

Things are indeed coming to a pretty pass in the postal scandals when both Mr. Thomas C. Platt and the Grand Jury are credited with a sudden interest in the developments in the New York Post-office. We are not so base as to join some of our contemporaries in believing that Mr. Platt's trip to Washington was solely for the purpose of preventing a further inquiry into Mr. Van Cott's office in order to protect the local Republican machine from certain revelations bound to come if there were a careful investigation. No, indeed. We firmly believe that Mr. Platt went to tell Mr. Roosevelt that his machine had nothing to fear from the most relentless probing into its relations with the post-office, and that he hoped no guilty man would be allowed to escape. It will make no difference to his fearlessly upright soul whether it is or is not shown that Perry S. Heath approved the violation of the civil-service laws which made possible the appointment of Postmaster Van Cott's son. Mr. Heath, by the way, is beginning to deserve the title of the "ever-present Mr. Heath." Probe into the office of the Attorney-General for the Post-office and Mr. Heath bobs up serenely. Look into Mr. Machen's charges, and behold, you run across Perry Heath. Investigate the allegations in regard to the Salaries Division, and there is our brave Mr. Heath once more. Even in New York as well as in Cuba and Porto Rico, the far-reaching influence of this peerless Indiana statesman apparently made itself felt.

Fresh revelations regarding the walking delegate, Parks, tend to contradict his statement that the money he extorted from the Hecla Iron Works was used by him to compensate the workmen for their lost time; but even if he had used it for that purpose, the crime would have been the same in the eye of the law. A strike had been ordered by Parks on the ground that the works had non-union men in its employ. That was a false charge: there were no such men in the company's employ. When this was proved so that Parks himself could no longer deny it, he demanded pay for the time the men had lost while the investigation was going on. Obviously, Parks himself was the person to make good this loss to his followers, because he was the one who had caused it, but he had a club in his hands with which to enforce his orders, and he used it. This was blackmail. In contemplation of law, it was extortion. It was immaterial whether the Hecla people had non-union men in their employ or not. It made no difference whether Parks divided the money with his underlings or not. If he turned it over to the treasurer of the union it could be recovered at law, and all the parties who received it knowingly, whether in a

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fiduciary capacity or otherwise, would have been guilty and liable to punishment. As Mr. Jerome says, it would help Mr. Parks's case in its moral aspects if he had turned the money over to the men, but his liability to the penalties of the law would not have been lessened thereby.

To continue the lockout in the building trade until the unions give evidence of complete reformation is merely good business. This action puts the unions where they belong—on the basis of corporations or individuals whose commercial credit is bad. With such customers a prudent concern deals strictly on a cash basis, refusing long contracts and extended credits. Similarly, the contractors would be foolish to come to any permanent agreement with ill-disciplined bodies and their corrupt officials. Organized labor cannot complain of being treated according to its works. In fact, such an attitude as that of the Employers' Association should be welcomed by unionism generally; for the present lockout is accompanied by the statement that the employers have no other expectation than to deal indefinitely with labor unions. All that their action amounts to is simply a challenge to the demoralized unions of the building trades to purge themselves of corrupt and frivolous practices, and to assume the responsibility properly exacted of all who have large business operations in charge. It is clear that those unions which, accepting the challenge, offer, instead of the old sentimental plea for labor's rights, the inducement of proved honesty and common sense, will be greatly the gainers.

The tremendous flood losses in the valleys of the Kaw, Des Moines, and lower Missouri Rivers ought to awaken the people of the West to the magnitude of the problem confronting them. The destruction of property running into tens of millions, together with the hundreds of fatalities accompanying the mad rush of waters, teaches a lesson that should not be forgotten. Though the floods wrought desolation throughout a wide territory, extending as they did from central Kansas to the Mississippi far below St. Louis, they had but one origin. Like conditions of rainfall prevailed over all their different sources, widely separated though they were. It is estimated that fully $30,000,000 will be needed to replace the ruined structures, the railway bridges, the manufactories, and dwellings—not to mention the crops destroyed or badly damaged. The West does not often have such a flood as this, but it does have floods nearly every year—these overflows alternating, apparently, with periods of drought that are far more destructive in property value, though, of course, not attended by the element of personal danger. The amount of this one season's loss, spent in the conservation of the natural rainfall in the prairie region, would go far to prevent floods. The configuration of the sharply sloping plains, while it lends itself to the rapid accumulation of a vast tide of flood water, is also favorable to its impounding. An early effort should be made, beginning with the country at the foothills of the mountains, and extending through the entire arid and semi-arid belt on the eastern slope of the Rockies, to catch the water in reservoirs and canals in such a way that even the deluge of the past fortnight could be held, and its force distributed through many days or weeks. Furthermore, the impounded waters might be used for irrigation, thus adding to the wealth of the localities where it is most needed. This question of the control and utilization of the natural waters is now upon the country.

In a review of the wool trade, for the annual report of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Louis Windmüller draws attention to the fact that the price of carpet wool has been rising during recent years, in consequence of the great demand for carpets in the United States. These wools are not and cannot be produced in this country. The supply comes mainly from Turkey, India, China, and other half-starved countries. The Dingley tariff provides that wools costing not more than 12 cents per pound at the place of exportation shall pay a duty of 4 cents per pound, or 33 per cent., ad valorem. If valued at more than 12 cents per pound, the duty shall be 7 cents per pound, or about 60 per cent. ad valorem, Hence it comes to pass that whenever the demand for carpets carries the price of the raw material above 12 cents, the Government advances the duty to almost double the former rate. And this is by way of encouraging manufacture and protecting American labor! There ought not to be any duty on these wools, or on any wools for that matter; but if there is to be such a duty it ought not to increase merely because the foreign price rises.

With all Senator Lodge's eminent ability, he lacks fervor and conviction as a eulogist. Readers of his praise of President Roosevelt in the Boston *Post* will not fail to note that the phrases are cold and perfunctory. To say that when President McKinley was snatched away from "important duties then unsettled," Roosevelt "continued that policy," is perhaps an infelicity due to the reporter; to add that the President has not "disturbed conditions," is at best negative praise, and we can imagine that the author of the anti-Trust campaign will hardly desire such a certificate of innocuousness. Trying to warm up, Senator Lodge remarks: "I have seen many Presidents in my time and numerous candidates, but President Roosevelt is the most wonderful of them all, in my experience"—with more to the same purport. Of this nothing is to be said except that it lacks the lyric cry. To realize its inadequacy, one has only to imagine the situation reversed, and the President praising Lodge. What colloquially affectionate, perhaps genially profane phrase Mr. Roosevelt would have found for the man who admits that he is the President's closest friend, we dare not imagine, but this is certain, that no *raison d'état* would have tied him down to the academic frigidity of the junior Senator from Massachusetts. All of which goes to show that there are diversities of gifts, and that the simple geniality which a laudator of President Roosevelt should command is not compatible with supreme ability at pulling convention wires and strangling infant treaties in the dark.

Following closely upon the organization of a General Staff for the army comes the proposal of a similar body in the navy. In that service the need of such a staff has by no means been as urgent as in the army. In the latter the bureau chiefs were until lately appointed to hold office until death or retirement. In the navy they are selected for a period of four years, and, acting together, have of themselves formed a General Staff which showed its usefulness and foresight in the war with Spain. But the navy now seeks another arrangement, not being satisfied with the addition of a General Board, over which Admiral Dewey has presided for three years, or with a board which deals with the construction of vessels and their armament. The new plan is an unwieldy one, yet it retains the principle of centring responsibility upon one officer, who, like the army chief of staff, is to be the real commander of the navy. The proposal contemplates the retention of the General Board, which is to advise the Secretary on such matters as the country's naval policy, the increase of the fleet, etc., and is also to have a power of revision in connection with war plans. There is also to be an "Executive Committee of the General Staff," whose duties will comprise the formulation of war plans and the direction of all the general staff work. There are to be, in addition to these groups of officers and the chief of staff, chiefs of the three sections into which the General Staff itself is to be divided. Among these sections are to be apportioned the questions of plans and manœuvres, the organization of fleets, and matters of government of the personnel, now chiefly vested in the Bureau of Navigation. The material side of the navy is still to be in the

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hands of the present staff bureaus as now organized.

The general effect of the plan, as it presents itself to the lay mind, is one of top-heaviness, and of calling for a large number of cooks to stir the naval broth. It is true that the chiefs of sections of the General Staff figure also as members of the Executive Committee and of the General Board, but the necessity for this board is certainly not apparent. Its advisory functions would seem to belong properly to the General Staff. Hitherto the General Board has been a most mischievous body, being responsible for much loose talk about the numerous ships needed and the necessity for outstripping Germany and other "dangerous" countries. As is the case with the army, the navy General Staff may be either a most useful or a most harmful body. If it confines itself to its proper functions it will doubtless add to the navy's efficiency. If it imitates the General Board, and embarks upon a policy of unlimited naval expenditures so that we may have a fleet calculated to "whip all creation," it is likely to become a nuisance and a serious menace.

The killing of the King and Queen of Servia, along with the Queen's brother and several of the King's Ministers, hardly finds a parallel in countries called civilized except in the later years of the Roman Empire, or in Russia in the century following Peter the Great. It appears that the murders were the work of the army. So it was the Pretorian Guard that ordinarily made away with the Roman emperors, and it was the Russian army, led by its highest officers, that dethroned and killed Peter III. and put Catharine II. on the throne. The recent fantastic doings of the young King of Servia has amused rather than excited the organs of public opinion in Europe, and did not prepare us for his tragic end. Servia has a constitutional government modelled on that of France under the Second Empire, with a Senate and a Council of State in addition to the Skupshtina, or national parliament. This constitution was adopted in 1901 at the instance of King Alexander, but he suspended it, on his own volition, a couple of months ago, long enough to get rid of the legislative body, which was disagreeable to him, and then put it in operation again. Now the first act of the new Government is to proclaim the constitution in full force and to summon Parliament.

Peter, by the grace of massacre and the vote of the new Skupshtina, King of Servia, announces that he will accept the throne, much as he deprecates the means by which it comes to him. That he had anything to do with plotting the murders, he vehemently denies. This may be easily believed. Still, can Christian Powers, it is asked, by recognizing his Government, admit the legitimacy of a régime built upon slaughter? But no such question really arises under international law. The duty of one Government towards a change of rule in another country is exhausted, so far as the matter of recognition is concerned, when it has been ascertained that the latter is securely a *de facto* government. If it holds the capital, has the backing of the army, and exercises governmental functions throughout its territory, then there is nothing for other nations to do but recognize it, no matter if its credentials are blood-stained. We may think what we please, or must, of the new rulers, but if they are the real rulers of the land, then it is with them, officially, that all our public dealings must be had. Even the September Massacres did not make the French Republic any the less supreme *de facto;* and though they shocked the friends of France and of humanity, like Fox and Romilly, did not alter the diplomatic situation. No more can the murders at Belgrade really affect the status of the new Servian Government in the eye of international law.

Mr. Balfour has decided, of two evils, to choose—both. On the one hand there was the mischief of a Cabinet containing members at daggers drawn; on the other, that of a Prime Minister who does not know his own mind on a question of vital interest to the country. Both calamitous conditions are to be preserved, Mr. Balfour says, if enough Conservatives, with the Irish members, will stand behind him to make his Government possible a little while longer on such terms. Office has been said to be an acquired taste, but, once indulged, we see how difficult it is to shake it off. The crisis is smoothed over, for the present, but Mr. Balfour's Government has received a mortal hurt. It has lost prestige irrecoverably, and that is worse than losing votes.

Mr. Chamberlain's preferential tariff ideas got cold comfort in the Lords on Monday. What little could be added to the hostile arguments recently advanced in the Commons was contributed by that veteran financier, Viscount Goschen, who demonstrated cogently that the proposed Zollverein would put the Treasury first under the will of the colonies, next at the mercy of wholly uncontrollable trade movements. Before venturing upon so hazardous an experiment, he urged his party to consider, first, that should protection prove financially disastrous, Great Britain could return to free trade only with the consent of the colonies, while, second, under the proposed tariff especially framed to stimulate importation from the colonies, the very increase of such imports would reduce in equal measure trade with non-British countries—in other words, would greatly diminish the amount of dutiable imports, and hence the Treasury receipts. Aside from Viscount Goschen's neat demonstration of the financial vicious circle into which Mr. Chamberlain is trying to draw his guileless countrymen, the interest of the session was personal, and lay largely in the contrast between the speeches of Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Devonshire. Lord Lansdowne's attitude was very much that of his chief. With Mr. Balfour, his was the open-minded way. A tariff union would probably plunge the Empire into an embarrassing series of tariff wars, instancing Germany; but then, there were worse things than a show of force. Marching among those who wore revolvers, England might at least buy a revolver and display it. Being interpreted, this meant it was perfectly safe and politic to talk tariff union in the teeth of protectionist nations, and perhaps expedient to continue the talk indefinitely in a Parliamentary commission. Like Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne studiously avoided criticism of Mr. Chamberlain.

German newspapers report another extraordinary occurrence in naval circles at Kiel, where Ensign Hüssner recently murdered an old schoolmate for failure to salute him properly. It seems that two ensigns, while out walking recently, met a crowd of drunken sailors and disorderly characters. Rather than invite trouble by passing them, the officers turned down a side street. A drunken sailor pursued them and struck Ensign Von Abel on the back of his head. The ensign controlled himself, and at once reported the case to his superiors. What was said to him by them is not known. It is a fact, however, that this latest victim of the barbarous Prussian "code of honor" went directly to his rooms and there killed himself. As he was otherwise of excellent reputation and standing, the unavoidable conclusion is that he was censured and reprimanded for his failure to purge his wounded dignity by the use of his sword. It is hardly surprising that, under these circumstances, young officers believe that "blood must flow" whenever they draw their swords, as Ensign Hüssner put it, and that they conceive it to be their duty to use their weapons whenever they fancy themselves insulted. Both Hüssner and Von Abel are to be pitied, for they are the victims of an atrocious system which flourishes because the older officers and the Emperor believe in it. The light sentence given to Hüssner—imprisonment for four years and one week—is fresh proof of this. And it is generally expected that he will be pardoned and allowed to wear the uniform again long before that period is over.

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"HIGHER UP."

Postmaster-General Payne, returning from the Hanna wedding, has had to decide how far the investigations into the activities of his private clerk, Mr. Rand, shall go. That he now has ample reasons for such an inquiry is perfectly plain. Mr. Rand, it seems, not only has been interested in selling Mexican mining stock to his fellow-employees, but has also had a purely disinterested connection with a Virginia marble quarry which might be of great value to the Government in its future building operations in the District of Columbia. Unfortunately, there is every inherent probability that Mr. Rand has been "hustling for himself" in the manner indicated. It is a far too common occurrence, and Mr. Payne has another opportunity for public service by probing carefully into the conduct of his friend of thirty years. He has not yet given out Mr. Bristow's report upon the Tulloch charges. Mr. Bristow's findings, it is hinted, will be very interesting reading for Mr. Perry S. Heath. Fortunately for the country, Mr. Bristow is apparently not to be influenced by any party or political considerations. His work in Cuba showed him to be a man of unusual ability and determination. The reports of his activity and remarkable skill in going to the bottom of things are the most refreshing news that now comes from Washington.

Quite the rudest blow yet given to the Postmaster-General's complacency, in the face of the postal frauds, is that delivered by the Civil Service Commission on Saturday. In an official report it more than makes good some of the ugliest of the Tulloch charges—the very ones, in fact, which Messrs. Payne and Heath had treated with the loftiest contempt. With a full array of evidence, specifying names and dates, the Commission declares that the post-office in Washington was stuffed with favorites and incompetents, illegally appointed; in a word, that "the Department used the Washington post-office for political and personal purposes to an extent which left the authority of the postmaster in transfers and appointments but little more than nominal." As if to be perfectly explicit, and to leave no doubt at all where the blame must ultimately fall, the Commission adds that its investigation shows with absolute clearness that "most of the irregularities" were "directed by the Department, or requested or suggested by high Department officials."

Here we have the demand to go "higher up" met with a vengeance! The theory that there were only a few dishonest subordinates at once collapses. There was systematic violation of the law. The very men who were set to guard against what the Commission euphemistically calls "irregularities," were themselves the leaders in irregularity. It seems as if we were plunged back into the days of the star-route scandals, with their famous countersign, "Do this. Brady." The man who gave the orders in the later debauch of the public service was evidently First Assistant Postmaster-General Heath. He was directly charged with violations of the civil-service rules by Mr. Tulloch. It is beyond reasonable doubt that, when the Commission says a high official, it means Heath. His limping and evasive letter of denial really heightened the suspicion under which he rested. The interview with him, in which he deprecated the whole investigation, on the ground that it might implicate "the National Committee," was tantamount to confession. His guilt is made practically certain by the report of the Civil Service Commission. Mr. Tulloch's "hot air," as Mr. Payne called it, with incredible levity, has come to appear something very like the cold truth.

That there was, in fact, a conspiracy, or copartnership, of officials and politicians and Congressmen, to use the Post-Office for plunder, is now pretty clearly established. The official records in regard to the free-delivery routes are telltale. Their words "have fingers," and the fingers point straight to the leading managers of the Republican party. How did it happen that 3,792 out of the total of 11,199 rural routes in the whole United States were allotted to the four States of Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, and Illinois? Can we resist the conviction that there is a direct connection between that fact and the other fact that the most powerful Republican politicians and Congressmen come from those States? These things occurred under the soothing and blessed Administration of McKinley. Ohio was then in the saddle, and that skilled horseman, Senator Hanna, held the reins. It was also the time when Indiana was a power. Perry Heath was not the ingrate who would refuse to do what Hanna asked, or leave his own State out in the cold. Illinois and Iowa had great weight in committee and Cabinet, and weight meant nothing if not a disproportionate share of the spoils. It was evidently a merry time for the corruptionists. The country was too busy freeing Cuba from the corrupt rule of Spain to pay attention to our own Governmental get-rich-quick syndicates. So the work of exchanging personal favors—for such Heath and Machen were accustomed to call their appointments to office—went on at a great rate; Congressmen got money and offices for their local machines; in return they voted larger appropriations and higher salaries for the officials whom they at once bled and fed.

There is no longer any denying that the scandal was one of huge proportions. Its investigation has only begun. It has evidently been taken out of the hands of the nerveless Payne. He is now only a clerk to execute the President's orders. And that Mr. Roosevelt is bound, both by his personal character and his political interests, to tear away every veil that hides a guilty man, is obvious. The frauds had their origin before his accession to the Presidency. Whatever responsibility may rightly be attributed to him for not having unearthed them, will, in the popular judgment, be entirely forgotten if he now makes the work of exposure and punishment unsparing. And he could not stop it now, if he wished. The thing has got beyond suppressing. In self-defence, the Administration has but one course before it—to pull the cover off the cesspool, once for all, and to do the necessary disinfecting with a rough and thorough hand.

As for the rest of us, we must make our rulers, from the President down, understand that such crimes in the public service hurt us and make us angry. They are a national disgrace, which the people must resent. Any man who would excuse or shield a single guilty official or politician, we must make feel the weight of our displeasure. And, for the future, we must all insist, not merely upon a wholesale transfer of the detected rascals from office to jail, but upon new safeguards, new checks upon Congressional greed, new courage on the part of the Chief Executive, which will make the recurrence of the great national shame more difficult, if not impossible.

CURRENCY REFORM BACKWARD.

A financial journal published at Washington city has an article giving an outline of what are supposed to be the views on currency reform of some important banking interests in Wall Street. According to this authority, we need, for the purpose of securing an elastic currency, about $100,000,000 of new national banknotes "resting for security on high-class corporate bonds, and taxed heavily enough to make redemption of the varying issues immediately imperative in times of an excess of currency." The advantages of this scheme would be, says this writer, that "when it was no longer profitable for the banks to keep the issues outstanding, the much-needed contractability would be secured."

The Aldrich bill, which was introduced in the Senate in the last month of the last session of Congress, proposed to authorize the deposit of public money in national banks on the security of certain State, municipal, and railroad bonds. Simultaneously with its introduction, there were rumors in circulation that it was merely preliminary to a more important measure for the acceptance of the same kind of securities for the issue of national banknotes. Of course, arguments for the one might be asserted valid for the other. As the Aldrich bill will probably be reintro-

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duced in the next Congress, it may be reasonably inferred that, if it passes, the project outlined in the Washington financial journal will shortly follow.

Before looking at the scientific aspects of this plan, it is worth while to glance at its probable influence on current financial operations—that is, upon the stock market. The first effect of the measure would be to elevate the prices of the securities accepted as the basis of banknote circulation to figures approaching those of Government bonds. This would itself constitute a boom in stocks, but it would have another effect quite as notable. It would clear the market of $100,000,000 or more of securities now held by the investing public, transferring them to the Treasury vaults as security for banknotes, and making room for an equal amount of the newer stocks which the issuers have been vainly trying to float for some time past. That is a dazzling prospect in itself, apart from any effect which the measure might have on the currency.

As to its influence upon the latter, we must repeat what we have said many times before, that a currency secured by bonds lodged in the Treasury, whether Government or corporate bonds, never can be an elastic currency, since the element of bank credit does not enter into it. The banks in that case do not "issue" notes, they buy them from the Government, and then make such use of them as they can. Whether the notes are based on bonds of the United States or on those of railroads makes no difference so far as elasticity is concerned. More profit may be made from issues of the latter sort, but the principle is not altered in any way by the substitution of the one kind of security for the other.

Upon this point there is an important communication from Mr. James B. Forgan in the current number of the *Bankers' Magazine*, in which he shows what is meant by an elastic currency, and how alone it can be attained. The common belief is that elasticity means expansion. Mr. Forgan shows that it means contraction also, and that the two processes must go together in order to have any beneficial effect upon commerce. Bankers make a profit on their circulation only when it is out. When it will no longer stay out, but returns to them, it represents a net loss if it has been bought from the Government. On the other hand, if it has been issued by the bank on its own credit, then when it returns it costs nothing for the bank to hold it unused in its vaults until the public demand calls for it again. Currency issued as a part of a speculation in bonds does not have any necessary relation to the demands of general business. It rises and falls in volume according to the state of the bond market, quite irrespective of seed time or harvest or other emergencies of trade.

A striking illustration of these principles was supplied last year when Secretary Shaw sought to apply artificial stimulants to the national bank circulation, in order to meet a real need. He first ordered the Bureau of Engraving and Printing to prepare some $60,000,000 to $70,000,000 in national banknotes for some of those banks which had not yet availed themselves of their full privilege of circulation. When the usual fall stringency became marked, the Secretary went over a list of national banks holding public moneys, and whenever a bank had not yet taken out what he judged to be a reasonable amount of circulation, he intimated that it ought to do so.

Having the notes already printed, he was able to respond at once to applications for them made as the result of his suggestion. Next he increased the number of bank depositaries and, in some instances, the amount of depositary accounts already existing, upon the express condition that the banks thus favored were to take out at once an amount of circulation equivalent to the amount of public moneys so deposited with each. And lastly, he permitted the depositary banks to substitute municipal and State bonds as security for public deposits, provided the banks so making substitution would immediately pledge the United States bonds thus released as security for additional circulation.

By all these means, extraordinary in character and quasi-coercive, Secretary Shaw added to the national bank circulation some $25,000,000. This was not a net increase, however. The addition barely sufficed to overcome the tendency to retire circulation which was manifest last year. The new circulation taken out exceeded the amount of circulation retired by only $2,000,000 to $3,000,000, showing in the clearest manner that the present banknote system can furnish no relief to the money market, however great the stringency may be. Changing the kind of security while retaining the system would not perceptibly better the present condition.

BLACKMAIL.

Mr. Jerome's probe has already struck deep into the abscess. The account which he gave out last week of the way in which extortion, bribery, and blackmail have been preying upon the building trades in this city is of the deepest significance. Both employers and men are involved. A suspected but hitherto unexplored world of "graft" is thrown open to our gaze. As is always the case when revelations of this sort once get going, they thicken even while we are looking. Guilty men take fright. Informers seek to make their peace. Victims pluck up courage to narrate their wrongs. It was so in St. Louis when Mr. Folk got his first briber in the toils; it was so in Washington when the earliest postal rogues were caught; it is so, and will be increasingly, as Mr. Jerome's inquiries and legal proceedings continue. The arrest of Parks was the bold act which let loose the avalanche. The rest will come of itself.

It is a depressing story. The manhood, courage, and honesty of neither masters nor men appear in a happy light. One scarcely knows which more to blame—or pity. As for the trades-union side, what we have is simply the sorrowful old tale over again. The labor leaders have neither ability nor character commensurate with the tasks they undertake, or the irresponsible power that is put into their hands. We admit that there are exceptions. It was cynically said last summer that John Mitchell was only waiting to be bought. Apparently he could not be. Doubtless there are other men prominent in the labor movement who are filled with a fiery enthusiasm for their work and their class, and who are fanatical in their honesty as in their other qualities. But faith in them will be rudely shaken, even if unjustly so, by the disclosures in connection with the New York walking delegates. The proved corruption of these men, their greed, their recklessness, their cruel deceit of the very workmen upon whose weakness and credulity they wax fat, will discredit their whole order.

In so far as this may result in opening the eyes of the laboring classes and of the entire community to certain fundamental truths of human nature and of morality, it will do good. Wise leadership cannot be improvised in a trades union any more than in a college or church or government. You cannot take the first man you meet in the street and give him power without accountability. If you do, the weakness of mortals being what it is, the chances are ten to one that the temptation will be too strong for him. He will, as we see that the man Parks did, grow arrogant with his opportunities and use them for base ends. Only the rare leader, the selected and tried man, is fit to be given such unlimited power of oppression as Parks enjoyed. This is the thing for workingmen everywhere to take to heart. They must be on their guard against foolish and venal leaders. How incredibly stupid the management of the building trades unions has been in all this vicinity may be seen by any one who will look about him. Building has been brought practically to a standstill. No one contracts for so much as a dog kennel unless compelled. But this is, for the building trades, to destroy the chief benefit of prosperity. That consists more in steady employment than in high wages. But the labor leaders have wantonly thrown it away, and have plunged thousands of carpenters and masons into distress. The demand

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for more mind and better character on the part of the men who control the policy of trades unions could not well be put in higher relief.

But what of the employers who meekly submit to blackmail, who secretly pay bribes, who craftily make arrangements with the walking delegate whereby they think they will get an advantage over their rivals? Well, we scarcely know whether to exclaim at their folly or grow indignant at their wickedness. Any man who surrenders to a blackmailer is a fool. That is a truth established by the well-nigh universal experience of mankind. When you begin to pay extortion money, you never know where you will end. Once in the power of a blackmailer, your blood will be sucked. The daughter of the horseleech was not a circumstance to the insatiate greed of a man who lives by blackmail. That is a general principle; and any employer, or corporation, that stoops or cringes before a blackmailer, thinking the thing can be done just for that once, is really inviting renewed assaults, and is guilty of the most glaring disregard of his own ultimate interest.

Even if it were not so, it would be the duty of every honest man and good citizen to refuse to pay one cent to the blackmailer, whether he came in the guise of a walking delegate or a Tammany agent. If extortion is a crime—as the Penal Code declares—no man can submit to it and remain innocent. The whole transaction is necessarily tainted with fraud, and, in strict morals, if not in law, the powers that pay are fully as guilty, fully as dangerous a class, as the powers that prey. This truth it is just as essential to preach among corporations as it is to indoctrinate labor unions with the gospel of mental and moral capacity. We have no patience with the men who weakly give in to the blackmailer, or with the excuses offered for them. In most cases, they could defeat the blackmailer and land him in jail by expending half the money they give in bribes; and even if they could not, it is their duty to fight blackmail to the death, and see their business go to ruin, if necessary, rather than strike hands with criminals, or pay one penny for corrupt purposes.

THE SHIPYARD SCANDAL.

The question of the Shipyard Trust's collapse is now before the courts, where it undoubtedly belongs. There are some phases of this financial scandal—destined, very likely, to become famous in the history of the recent bubble-blowing period—on which we feel justified in commenting, even before the courts have handed down their opinion on the question of outright fraud. President Schwab of the Steel Corporation, whose relations to the Shipyard promotion are made a part of the complaint in the pending suit, makes his own answer out of court. In the suit for a receiver, instituted last week, it was alleged that the purchase of the Bethlehem Steel Company from Mr. Schwab was made by the Shipyard promoters after their associates had "underwritten" the original Shipyard combination, and was made without their knowledge. Further, it was asserted in the complaint that Mr. Schwab was reimbursed for an original outlay of $3,000,000 in the Bethlehem property by receiving $10,000,000 bonds of the Shipyard combination, $10,000,000 preferred stock, and $10,000,000 common.

The burden of the complaint is, that Mr. Schwab, through this immense inflation on a paper basis, received such preferential treatment over the rest of the Shipyard security-holders that he was able eventually, when the bubble burst, to assert the power to control the whole. This power, it is shown, is conceded by the plan of reorganization, which offers to Mr. Schwab, in exchange for his $10,000,000 holdings of old bonds, new bonds covering all the Shipyard properties, while asking other present first-mortgage bondholders to take new stock instead. It supplements this part of its complaint by charging that buyers of the Shipyard bonds and stock, outside of the block of securities issued to Mr. Schwab, were induced to buy through "gross and persistent misrepresentations by the organizers" as to the company's assets, earnings, and condition.

This last allegation no one appears to dispute. The reorganization circular, in proposing settlement with Mr. Schwab, admits it. Instead of earning, as the original prospectus promised, interest on bonds, 6 per cent. on preferred shares, and a handsome surplus over, the reorganizers say:

> "By reason of excessive mortgage obligations of the United States Shipbuilding Company, its borrowing capacity and credit have become so seriously impaired that outstanding notes are being pressed for payment, and the making of further loans is rendered impossible."

The $10,000,000 bonds, issued as part payment for the Bethlehem Steel Company, make up 40 per cent. of these "excessive mortgage obligations."

Mr. Schwab's narrative of his own part in the "deal" lacks clearness in some respects, especially as regards actual ownership of the Bethlehem property before its sale to the Shipyard combination. The Shipyard promoters went to Schwab with their proposals, supposing him to be the owner. So every one else in Wall Street had supposed, from a statement publicly given out in September, 1901, that most of the Bethlehem Company's $15,000,000 stock had been purchased at $24 per share, through Drexel & Co. of Philadelphia, by Charles M. Schwab. Mr. Schwab, however, according to his own story, informed the Shipyard people, when they came to him some months later, that J. P. Morgan & Co. controlled the Bethlehem stock. In other words, it had apparently been turned over by Mr. Schwab, but in a curious way; the banking house, Mr. Schwab explains, having "acquired the Bethlehem Steel Company for the original Steel Corporation syndicate." This strikes us as a little odd, and probably will so strike subscribers to that syndicate.

Passing that, what happened in the trade with the Shipyard combination? Mr. Schwab tells us:

> "I called upon J. P. Morgan & Co., and after several conferences they decided they would be willing to sell and dispose of the stock of the Bethlehem Steel Company provided payment therefor were made in cash. I communicated to Messrs. Nixon and Dresser the conclusion of Morgan & Co., and the former then wanted to know if I would be willing to assist them in securing the funds. As they had closed their underwriting for the shipbuilding company, I entered into negotiations with them looking to my furnishing the necessary cash requirements. . . .
>
> "We finally agreed that I should secure for them the stock of the Bethlehem Steel Company and furnish the money necessary to make payment therefor to J. P. Morgan & Co., and in consideration thereof I should have the benefit of the accumulations since I first bought the property, and receive $10,000,000 in bonds and $10,000,000 in each kind of fully paid stock.
>
> "Thereupon I took up the matter with Morgan & Co., who insisted that they must have in addition to the cash invested 25 per cent. of each kind of stock which I was to receive, and which I agreed I would be willing to have Messrs. Nixon and Dresser deduct from the $10,000,000 of each kind of stock they had agreed to give me, so that Morgan & Co. might receive it as additional payment for the Bethlehem stock."

Mr. Schwab contends that his actual outlay in the matter must be ascertained by adding to his cash payment to the bankers the accumulated earnings in the hands of the Bethlehem Company. But if he was buying the property from one owner for the benefit of another, we fail to see what claim he had upon it, save for the actual purchase price. Mr. Schwab's explanation shows that his personal interest in the Bethlehem transfer was the advancing of $9,000,000 cash, for which he received the $10,000,000 Shipyard bonds and $20,000,000 stock as above described. He asserts very positively that he believes himself to have been a loser by the operation. This is possible, when at the present time the Stock Exchange bids 1 cent on the dollar for the Shipyard common stock, and 3 for the preferred. But we do not regard that fact as conclusive in the matter. We cannot see that even Mr. Schwab's frank proposition, to take back the Bethlehem property and restore to the Shipyard Company the securities received for it, helps the matter very greatly. The question is, whether paper inflation of this sort was the kind of business in which these gentlemen had any right to be engaged.

As the affair turned out, efforts to unload the Shipyard shares on the public very generally failed. It did not, how-

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ever, fail for want of false statements to the public. What we feel bound to ask is, what Mr. Schwab would have done with his $10,000,000 common and $10,000,000 preferred if the fish had swallowed the bait. Let us imagine the simple public bidding for Shipyard stock at a valuation fixed by belief in the organizers' prospectus; what then? To us, the most serious thing about this whole financial scandal is the easy conscience which it shows financiers in places of great trust to have possessed in their attitude towards the public. It is conceivable that Mr. Schwab, like many others of our newly made "multi-millionaires," shared in the late delusions regarding paper capital, and really believed that riches could be got overnight, without hurting anybody else, by merely substituting thirty for nine millions in a balance sheet. We observe a good deal of apology, by projectors of this and similar enterprises, on that ground; they being simple people and not used to figures. We scarcely think the excuse will be accepted. It is at all events a sort of simplicity which we should greatly regret to see becoming general among the practical leaders of American industry.

THE SHERMAN STATUE.

NEW YORK, June 10, 1903.

No event has ever taken place in this country of equal artistic importance with the unveiling, two weeks ago, of the heroic equestrian statue of General Sherman by Augustus Saint Gaudens. Our public monuments are not always such as a civilized nation should be proud of, but we have unquestionably produced, both in painting and in sculpture, much respectable and some excellent work. In the Sherman statue we have much more than this—we have, in an American city, a monument which, in conception and in execution, is among the half-dozen masterpieces of its kind in the world. The history of such a work must always be interesting, and it is well to set down now, before they are forgotten, the main facts and dates of its production.

Eleven years elapsed between the commissioning of the statue, in 1892, and the unveiling on Memorial Day, May 30, 1903. Undoubtedly, the time seemed long to the committee in charge of the work, but Saint Gaudens is one of those artists for whom it is worth while to wait. During three of the eleven years his work was much interrupted by a grave illness; during the other eight years he was more or less constantly at work upon the group, and he estimates that it cost him about three years of actual labor. His infinite painstaking, his constant revision, his inability to rest satisfied with anything if he could conceive of a possible betterment, spread the three years out over the eight.

The sketch was completed in a few months and accepted by the committee; in it the essential features of the group were fixed, and they have not been materially altered. This is important as showing that the conception of the Victory-led rider antedated by some years any possible knowledge of the somewhat similar conception of Begas's "Emperor William" in Berlin. By a strange coincidence, then, the same idea, wholly new in art, seems to have occurred at about the same time to two artists widely distant in space. In the intervals of other work, during the next five years, the horse and rider were modelled on a small scale and the Victory was studied in the nude. In 1897 Mr. Saint Gaudens went to Paris and there began the full-sized group, devoting most of his time to it, and in 1899 the horse and rider, without the Victory, were exhibited at the Salon of the Champ de Mars. The merit of the statue was at once recognized, and it was given a place of honor and greatly praised by artists and critics. At the Paris Exposition of 1900 the whole group, in plaster, was seen for the first time, and for it and a group of earlier works the sculptor was awarded a *grand prix*.

In spite of this success, he was not satisfied with the work. It was to be cast in Paris, but returning, seriously ill, to this country, he brought a plaster cast with him, built a studio near Windsor, Vt., in which to set it up, and began making changes. He remodelled the head of the Victory, her wings and palm branch, the cloak of the rider, and various smaller details, and sent the remodelled parts to the bronze-founders in Paris. The group, with these changes, was then sent, still in plaster, to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, where it was the principal cause of an extraordinary honor to the artist. The jury of the section of Fine Arts, composed of painters, sculptors, and architects, unanimously recommended that a Special Diploma and Medal of Honor, apart from and above all other awards in the Exposition, be created for Mr. Saint Gaudens, and the recommendation was adopted by the general jury, and the award was made. This success, like former ones, seems to have been a signal to the artist to recommence his struggle for perfection. The bronze was brought to Windsor and set up in the open air, and experiments in gilding and toning were begun, while the base was remodelled and twice cut in granite. Finally, in the spring of this year, the work was ready to be shipped to New York and placed upon its pedestal in the Plaza, near the entrance to Central Park.

The type of artistic temperament which leads to continual changes and reworkings is not without its special dangers which a more positive and self-assured mind—what the French call an "esprit primesautier"—escapes. It has even happened to Mr. Saint Gaudens to produce a work the final form of which he would now admit to be inferior to the original conception. When, however, the original conception is clear and tenaciously held, the revision of details tends only to greater purity and beauty of statement, as it has done in the present instance. Sherman had seemed to the boyish Saint Gaudens the typical American hero; to the matured artist he had sat for an admirable bust. When the sculptor was called upon to prepare the monument to the great soldier, he was equipped with a knowledge of his subject which the designer of a posthumous statue rarely possesses, and with a genuine enthusiasm for his task. His idea came to him in such definite and vigorous form that his subsequent labor was but the refining of details; he was sure of his masterpiece from the start.

The Sherman monument is the latest term in the long evolution of a remarkable talent. In its earlier stages this talent might have seemed more decorative—almost more pictorial—than purely sculptural. To many it appeared that Saint Gaudens's best things were his dainty portrait reliefs of women and children, his exquisite caryatids and angelic figures; wonderful play of line and a delicate caressing of surface seemed his most notable characteristics. These characteristics he has retained, but in one after another of his more important works he has shown an ever-increasing grasp of structural form and a steady growth in masculine vigor of conception, until he has revealed himself a great sculptor in the stricter sense, as he was already a great artist.

The group is about twice the size of life in each dimension, so that the figure of the General, if standing, would be about twelve feet high. Tall and erect he sits his horse, his military cloak bellying out behind him, his trousers strapped down over his shoes, his hat in his right hand, dropping at arm's length behind the knee, and his bare head, like that of an old eagle, looking straight forward. The horse is as long and thin as his rider, with a tremendous stride; and his big head, closely reined in, twitches viciously at the bridle. Before the horse and rider, half walks, half flies, a splendid winged figure—one arm outstretched, the other brandishing the palm—Victory leading them on. She has a certain fierce wildness of aspect, but her rapt gaze and half-open mouth indicate the seer of visions: peace is ahead and an end of war. On the bosom of her gown is broidered the eagle of the United States, for she is an American Victory, as this is an American man on an American horse; and the broken pine bough beneath the horse's feet localizes the victorious march—it is the march through Georgia to the sea.

One of the most remarkable things about the group is the extraordinary sense of movement and of irresistible force conveyed by it. The gait of the horse is only a quick walk, but horse and rider and striding Victory move onward with a rush, and one feels that nothing can arrest their progress. The base of the statue is not of bronze, as is usual, but is cut in a pinkish granite like that of the pedestal, and, though it has been gilded like the figures, the difference in color and texture which remains seems to aid the sense of motion by separating the figures from the ground which they move over rather than grow out of. The whole treatment of color and texture is rather daring and altogether successful, and gives the monument a decorative beauty and splendor which does not detract from its inherent gravity. The Greeks, builders of chryselephantine statues, would have appreciated this. A most interesting artifice, not found in the original sketch, is the change of level in the base. The ground slopes slightly upward from the rear until it is highest just in front of the forefoot of the horse, then falls rapidly to the front. This gives greater height to the figure of Sherman, while increasing the sense of strain and push in the hind quarters of the horse; but its most remarkable effect is in giving a sort of downward flutter to the Victory, so that, though marching on the ground, she seems newly lighted there from a previous aerial existence.

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From every point of view the composition builds up superbly. The flow of line in wing and limb and drapery is perfect; the heads are magnificent in characterization; the anatomical structure, human and equine, is thoroughly understood; and the surface modelling is beautiful in the extreme.

The finest equestrian statue of modern times is undoubtedly the earliest of all in date, the "Gattamelata" by Donatello in Padua. In serene dignity and restrained strength it has never been approached, and is perhaps unapproachable. Its air of quiet courage and determination makes the picturesque swagger of Verocchio's "Colleoni" at Venice seem almost theatrical by comparison. We can only guess what Leonardo would have done or what Michael Angelo might have done, and there are really no more equestrian statues of high rank until our own day. Artists even forgot how a horse walks, and critics still repeat that the gait represented by Donatello and Verocchio is an "amble." Of more recent works the two finest seem to me to be the "Jeanne d'Arc," by Frémiet, in the Place des Pyramides, and the other "Jeanne d'Arc," by Paul Dubois. Frémiet's statue, in its earlier form, was infinitely charming rather than great. He has remodelled it, and the general opinion seems to be that the added robustness of the figure has not attained to grandeur, while there has been some loss of charm. Dubois's Jeanne is also a slim and dainty figure, with a certain quaintness of attitude and a quality of spiritual beauty. Both of these statues are, technically, masterpieces, but they are not more masterly in execution than is Saint Gaudens's Sherman, and they are, perhaps, less imaginative and original in conception, and have certainly less of heroic grandeur. Before them both, and immediately after the Colleoni, if after it at all, I should be inclined to place the most recent of the world's great equestrian statues.

KENYON COX.

THE PALACE OF MINOS.—II.

CNOSSOS, April 24, 1903.

When we came down from the heights of Phaistos reluctantly, we felt that after this anything else, even Cnossos, must be an anticlimax; and although we gained time, by our all too early departure, to explore the so-called Labyrinth of Gortyna and have another period of two hours at the great inscription, we were not consoled. Our hasty departure was caused by the need of getting along to a place where we could secure luncheon. It was scandalous that for such a reason we gave only little over an hour to that splendid palace.

On our long circuit from Phaistos to Cnossos, among many places of absorbing interest there was none more interesting than the cave at Psychro, in the flank of Mount Dicte, which overlooks the Lasithean plain, a great lake bottom in the heart of Crete. There can be no doubt that for ages the water stood five hundred feet deep up to the mouth of this cave, which served as an overflow pipe until a lower opening was forced through. Then the cave became a sacred grotto, rivalling in renown the two great sacred caves on Mount Ida. It was cleared out by Mr. Hogarth, formerly director of the British School at Athens, about three years ago; and, in spite of the quantity of votive offerings that had already been found and sold by peasants, an astonishing amount was discovered by Mr. Hogarth—bronze and terracotta figurines, vases both Mycenæan and of the older kind now known as Kamares ware, from the great find in the cave on the south slope of Ida above the village of Kamares. Double axes, knives, and other objects of bronze were found in considerable abundance. But the cave itself, which runs down deep into the mountain, and in one part by its stalactites and stalagmites is made to look like a vast organ, is well worth a long journey. In the crevices between some of these stalactites some of the most interesting figurines were found. There is little doubt that many more have become embedded in them by the slow deposit of centuries of dripping.

When, having traversed our great circle, we came back to Herakleion, we had two days and a half for Cnossos and the museum. Towards the evening of our last day's ride we passed the low hill of Cnossos with the British flag waving over it, and still thought of it as in some respects likely to prove an anti-climax to Phaistos. But a visit to this low hill the next day removed this misgiving. The site of the palace of Phaistos is superb, and the palace itself grand; its plan is clear, and coincides in so many points with that of Cnossos that it throws great light on the latter. It is great good fortune that the excavations of the two were partly synchronous. But it is Cnossos that is the more important.

Mr. Evans gave the whole forenoon to a systematic explanation of the palace and its contents. He then constrained us to stay with him to luncheon, after which he stood ready to answer the questions with which we plied him. After that, since the eye is never satisfied with seeing, we looked at detail after detail until the approach of evening warned us that it was time to return to Herakleion. Not short of the compass of a big book can one fully describe even the *important* features of this palace. In an article like this, one must make a selection.

The question of chronology is apt to be uppermost in archæological matters, and one always seeks to get clear on this point. Evans early observed that, back of the present form of the palace was an older one, many blocks of which had been used in the construction of the new. The later palace may from its structure and contents be placed in the bloom of the Mycenæan period, say 1400 B. C., but the older one, to which many of the gypsum door jambs and other blocks of the earlier may belong, goes back into the Kamares period, and may be assigned to 2000 B. C. But not even the older palace represents the oldest settlement on this spot. Pits have been sunk through the palace floor to a depth of seven metres, where pottery of the neolithic period is found; and the various strata show that age succeeded age, making a mound where there was once practically level plain. There seems no reason why this particular spot should have been chosen, except perhaps the fertility of the surrounding fields. It was in no sense dominating—in fact, it was dominated by hills nearly encircling it. But, whatever the chance may have been that led to the original settlement, the spot was clung to most tenaciously. There are no signs of a fortification wall for either palace. Since both of these point to prosperity and luxury which always excite to attack and plunder, the occupants of the palace must have felt themselves in secure possession by powers of their own. This could not be simply because they dwelt in a seagirt isle. They must have controlled the sea also. With this fits the oldest traditions in regard to Crete, that King Minos of Cnossos was the first to establish a sea-power. That Thucydides (i. 8) apparently put this event before the Trojan war seems to fit well into the chronology as shown from existing remains. It may be a question whether the first or the second palace was that of Minos; but as his appears to have been the great age of Crete, we may with some confidence take the present great palace as his.

To one who may be disposed to believe that all chronological conclusions in regard to these remote times are structures built on sand, the following incident may be worth relating. The veteran Egyptologist, Flinders Petrie, who was stopping at our hotel and with whom I drove out to Cnossos, had brought with him a piece of dark plain pottery which he pulled out of his pocket at the sight of something similar in Evans's great piles of sherds. After one or two fairly good matches, he came to a considerable part of a vase which was so much like his fragment that it seemed as if the two might well have belonged to the same vase. He then said to Evans, "Where do you date your piece?—for I can date mine exactly." Evans replied without hesitation that he put it in the neolithic period, about 4000 B. C., whereupon Petrie said, "That is exactly where I put mine, for I found it in a tomb of the first dynasty."

The palace is quite as large as that of Phaistos and in some respects better preserved, inasmuch as we have considerable remains of a second story. That there was in at least a part of the palace a third story is shown by a grand quadruple staircase in the eastern part, two flights to each story. One of the most impressive portions is a long gallery near the western side, to the west of which were nineteen long and narrow storerooms. These were full of *pithoi*, of about a man's height, arranged along the walls, while in the middle were crypts under the pavement. Nothing important has been found in these crypts, but the great *pithoi* were, in all probability, for the most part filled with oil. Such enormous quantities of oil (one store chamber contained thirteen of these *pithoi*, which may be compared to hogsheads) could hardly be meant for home consumption, and probably point to traffic with Egypt. One *pithos* contained barley, which may also have been exported to Egypt to make beer.

There were numerous frescoes on the walls of the palace, the best of which have been removed to the museum at Herakleion. There are so many fine ones that it is invidious to make distinctions. One of the finest is that of a cupbearer standing very erect and holding a long slender vase pointed at the bottom, resembling in shape

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many vases of alabaster that were found in the palace. The favorite theme seems to be the bullfight. In one case a woman appears to take part in this performance. Evans has even suggested that the tribute of youths and maidens exacted by Minos from Athens may have had some connection with this amusement. There is an ivory figurine also of an athlete who seems to be engaged in a similar action, who had locks of bronze wire coated with gold foil inserted. The bullfight everywhere comes to honor, making the Tiryns bullfighter, in the same attitude, seem like a waif from Crete. One of the most conspicuous finds was a relief in *gesso duro* of the head of a bellowing bull affixed to a wall. Of the dreadful Minotaur there are no traces except on gems; and, but for the presence of these, we might consider the whole legend of the Minotaur as a distortion of the cruel use made of the Athenian captives. It may be added here that long, deep subterranean rooms have been classed as dungeons, which the Athenians may have shared with other unfortunates.

This palace of Cnossos was known in antiquity as the Labyrinth. This word is doubtless derived from *labrys*, meaning an axe. The palace was then called "the palace of the double axe," and very properly; for everywhere, sometimes mixed up with other signs, is cut on the stones of the palace this double axe, thus: ⋈. That it could be a mere mason's mark is precluded by its very frequent occurrence, as well as by its appearance on vases and other objects. There can be little doubt that it was a sacred symbol representing the unseen god; as such it appears on the seal ring from Mycenæ, above referred to. Another such symbol, of somewhat frequent occurrence, is "the horns of consecration." There is a shrine in the palace, now roofed over and enclosed for protection, in which these horns of terracotta, shaped thus: ⋃, stand with a few votive figurines of worshippers grouped around them. That these are "the horns of the altar" of the Old Testament seems beyond doubt. They also appear on the little gold shrines from Mycenæ. How pure and exalted the religion of the period was, we cannot say; but it is certain that idols were unknown. One likes to think that the worshippers saw in these symbols a suggestion of an unseen but everpresent divinity.

Not far away from this, the so-called throne room has in like manner been provided with a new roof and with columns of the Mycenæan style, tapering downward. Against one of the walls is a finely carved chair of alabaster with a back, which may be taken without much hesitation as the seat on which the lord of the palace, whether he were Minos or called by some other name, sat in state, with his counsellors on benches around about him. This work of preservation is a sort of restoration; but it is certainly not only a more proper restoration than that so long practised on statues in the museums of Italy, whereby the original parts were disguised beyond recognition, but it is also a work of necessity to save from destruction what one has uncovered. When one sees how much of Evans's work is done by masons and carpenters, one must not accuse him of building the palace which he now presents. Some considerable lines of wall are absolutely necessary to hold in position parts of the palace which would otherwise become a shapeless mass. Great props of wood which support thresholds and staircases of upper stories are extremely ugly; but what can one do? And, after all that has been done, the larger question arises, How long will all this last? There is no doubt—it is a question of years—that, when exposed to constant rains, the palace will disintegrate. It is an oft-repeated saying in Greece that excavation is destruction (*ἀνασκαφή, καταστροφή*). I have heard one of the foremost of excavators say that the proper treatment of Olympia would have been to make the most careful plans, and then cover everything up again. But even in that case what is covered up is lost to the world. It is a difficult question, the proper treatment of important buildings once excavated. For a decade or two, according to the present practice, one gets at least the sight of them. In Cnossos the splendid gypsum blocks are already attacked by the weather. One must make his visit without too great delay, to get the full enjoyment of this perhaps the most splendid of all excavations.

To facilitate the observation of the whole palace from one point of view, it is proposed to build a wooden tower from fifty to a hundred feet high at a point near the centre of the palace. That this will be extremely unsightly is conceded by everybody; but in this point it may be well for æsthetic considerations to give way to utility.

However tempting it may be to describe others of the magnificent objects of art that have found and are finding their way from Cnossos into the museum at Herakleion, rapidly making it one of the world's most important museums, I must refrain, and content myself with this general reflection: When one considers the splendid naturalness and almost perfection of much of this art—for example, the fresco with dolphins swimming among a shoal of little fishes—one feels the pity of it that all this bloom was wiped out, and that the Greeks had to begin all over again, and toil up to the heights once attained centuries before.

RUFUS B. RICHARDSON.

Correspondence.

AMERICAN STUDENTS IN THE ORIENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While I have not the slightest sympathy with Buddhistic or with so-called "Theosophic" propaganda in the Occident, I am nevertheless convinced that the teachings of Buddha and the genuine Theosophy of the Upanishads have lessons of great value for us restless and hurrying Americans. The interpretation of the best thought of the East into terms of Occidental thought is at present the most practical work that an Indianist can undertake. If he can make the wisdom of the Wise Men of the East available as an influence upon the leaders of the religious life and thought of our time, he will accomplish something analogous to the work of the student of foreign systems of national government or of municipal administration: there is surely no antidote for either political bigotry or its twin sister, religious bigotry, so potent as is the study of the religious or political institutions and achievements of other lands and ages.

For the right comprehension of the religions of ancient India there is needed not only the broad technical training of the best universities of Europe and America, but also that facile command of the Sanskrit language which is hardly to be acquired outside of the best native schools of India itself. Our honored countryman, the late Dr. Fitzedward Hall, whose remarkable erudition in another field has so often adorned your columns; was doubtless the first American to become a learned Sanskritist by actual residence and study in India. That began, to be sure, nearly fifty-seven years ago (the year of his graduation at Harvard with Professors Child and Lane and Norton and Senator Hoar), and he paid for his bold venture by shipwreck at his journey's end, off the mouth of the Ganges. Escaping with naught but his life, he reached Calcutta, penniless, although the son of a man of wealth, and, after experiences of greater interest than many a romance, he removed to Ghazeepoor, and thence, shortly afterward, to Benares, the Athens of India. His progress in the acquisition of several of the Indian languages was such that he was soon advanced to the position of Anglo-Sanskrit professor in the Government College of Benares. His 'Atmabodha,' and 'Tattvabodha,' two introductions to the Vedanta philosophy, appeared in 1852, and were the first Sanskrit texts published by an American. His valuable collection of Oriental manuscripts and books, which he gave to his alma mater, are a precious memorial here of his life and learning.

Only four years ago, the principal of the Oriental College at Lahore, Dr. Stein, on his promotion to Calcutta, wrote to Professor Bloomfield, to me, and doubtless to others, asking for nominations to fill the vacancy at Lahore caused by his promotion. The successful candidate was again an American, Professor Bloomfield's pupil, Dr. Alfred W. Stratton. To onerous administrative duties he added the work of instruction. A part of the teaching was in Hindustani, and he had, besides, to be able to converse with the pandits in Sanskrit. His career was one of unusual achievement and of brightest promise; but it was cut short, alas! by his untimely death in the summer of 1902.

During the academic year now closing, two other Americans have been pursuing their studies at the College in Benares. One was Dr. James H. Woods of Boston, in 1901-02 an instructor in the Department of Philosophy at Harvard. In the summer of 1902 he had the privilege of working in close personal relations with Deussen of Kiel, confessedly the greatest master of Indic philosophy in the Occident; and since then he has been studying under the pandits of Poona and Benares and Cashmere. Hall's loss of his bills of exchange in 1846 was a disaster, remediless for many weary months of hardship and ill-treatment; to-day it would be only an inconvenience, remediable within twenty-four hours: a contrast of which I am forcibly reminded by the receipt, before nine o'clock this morning, of a cable message from Dr. Woods relating to his plan of work, and dated this day at Srinagar, the capital of the storied Vale of Cashmere, beyond the first great range of the Himalayas!

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Schwegler's 'Handbook,' famous in my college days, says, "With us, as with Aristotle, the history of philosophy begins with Thales." "The Oriental (Chinese and Indian) so-called philosophy (rather theology or mythology) . . . falls outside of our undertaking." Professor Royce, in his Gifford lectures ('The World and the Individual'), has devoted one or two of his retrospective chapters to an analysis of the Indic mysticism; and it remains to be seen whether Dr. Woods or any other student will grasp the essential features of the great Indic systems, Sankhya and Vedanta and the rest, with such power, and present them to the thinkers of the West with such effectiveness, as to compel the practical admission of the fact that the history of philosophy no longer begins with Thales.

The other of the two American students at Benares was also a Bostonian, David Brainerd Spooner. He is a graduate of Stanford University; went out to Japan, where he was at once a student and a teacher; and was attracted thence to India, to continue (for several years, as he hoped) his Sanskrit studies begun at Palo Alto. Private resources, however, unexpectedly failing him, he relinquished his plan and prepared to return home. Meantime, moved by strong testimonials from the authorities of Stanford and others, some friends of Harvard gave to the University the funds for the maintenance of her first "Travelling fellowship in Indic philology" for 1902-03, and this young man was appointed thereto. I have never seen him; but evidence from independent sources seems to justify the exceptional proceeding of the University in this case. The *Pioneer* is a daily published at Allahabad, and is a journal of highest standing in the Anglo-Indian press; and I should be glad to have you reprint from its issue of April 27, 1903, the following extract:

"The results of the Benares Sanskrit College examinations, which are published in the last *Gazette*, contain a feature of peculiar interest. Among the list of candidates who have passed the whole of the Madhyama (Intermediate) examination occurs the name of Mr. D. B. Spooner of the Harvard University. Not only has this American scholar passed the entire examination, which is usually taken in parts extending over four years, at one attempt, but he stands fifth in order of merit among the fifteen students who have achieved this feat. The examination is one which is conducted solely on the lines of Indian scholarship, without any introduction of Western comparative methods of philology. Not only have all the candidates hitherto been invariably Hindus, but an overwhelming proportion of them are Brahmans. Mr. Spooner's success illustrates alike the strong hold which Eastern studies have taken in the far West, and the thoroughness which characterises his countrymen in all their undertakings."

The above facts are no less significant for the progress of Indology in America than is the establishment of the schools in Palestine and Rome and Athens for that of Semitic and classical studies. Modern discoveries in astronomy, physics, chemistry, and the like have relegated whole libraries of mediæval and even of comparatively modern theology and speculation to the rubbish heap. The intelligent and sympathetic disclosure to the Occident of the best life and thought of the Hindus may do much to relegate our self-centred assumption of superiority to them in all things unto that "limbo large and broad," the "Paradise of Fools," of whose inmates alone it is worthy.

India's saints have had wonderful visions of God; to her sages have been given strange previsions of some of the most marvellous results of modern science; never has the antithesis between religion and dogma been set forth better than it was by the gentle Gotama; never were the precepts and example of that great teacher (supplementing and reinforcing, as they do, those of Jesus), more timely and pertinent than they are to-day. For better, for worse, the East and the West are coming into ever closer relations. Young men there are of linguistic training and endowments, and (what is vastly more) of endowments that may ripen into that breadth of vision which discerns how the past may be made to teach the present, and how the abounding strength of one race may be brought to help the weakness of another. Who of those youths will come forward to guide these hoary strangers of the centuries, the East and the West, into the paths of mutual understanding and blessing, and so at last into the cheerful highway of a brighter hope?

CHARLES R. LANMAN.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, June 4, 1903.

DR. ENGELMANN ON RACE DECLINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While quite agreeing with Dr. Engelmann's assertion (in the *Popular Science Monthly*) that education is not the cause of race decline, a study of the United States census report for 1900 convinces me that race decline has been greatly exaggerated, and that it is possible, on the basis of facts, to take a much more hopeful view of the case than does Dr. Engelmann. His statistics are drawn from six "representative States" which, with the exception of Massachusetts, he does not name. But neither Massachusetts nor any other North Atlantic State can, according to the last United States census report, be considered representative. On page c, volume i., twelfth census, 1900, we find the following statements (italics mine):

"There has been an increase during the decade in native-born of 12,081,650, or 22.5 per cent., and in foreign-born of 1,151,981, or 12.4 per cent. The population as a whole increased during the same period 21 per cent. The increase in foreign-born since 1890 has been small as compared with the increase in the native element, and a glance at the figures presented in table xliii for the several States and Territories makes it apparent that, aside from the increases shown by a few of the North Central and Western States and Territories, practically *all the increase in the foreign-born element is confined to the North Atlantic States.*"

Dr. Engelmann says:

"Important as is the fact of our racial decline, bearing as it does upon our future as a nation, it has not been observed because of the fair general rate of childbirth due to the much greater fecundity of the foreign element, which is from 2 to 2½ times that of the native, bringing the total birth-rate of the State to an equality with that of France—22.4 per thousand living population—or above it."

In comparison with this statement I present a few facts from the United States census which show that Dr. Engelmann's six States cannot be considered representative for the birth-rate of the native-born American population as a whole. In 1900 there were in the United States 41,053,417 native whites of native white parentage, and of these 1,158,585 were under one year of age, thus giving to each member of this class of the population a yearly average of over .028 children, which, multiplied by 1,000, gives an average of more than 28 surviving children per thousand, and a birth-rate as much higher as the added mortality would give—a factor which is unfortunately not obtainable. Of native whites of foreign parentage there were at the same date in the United States 15,687,322, and of these 504,466 were under one year of age, giving an average of more than 32 surviving children per thousand for native whites of foreign white parentage (twelfth census of United States, vol. ii., p. 3). It is evident from these data that the estimate of the fecundity of the foreign population as 2 or 2½ times that of the native does not hold true for the population at large, nor does it even approximate the estimate given by Dr. Engelmann for Massachusetts of 17 births per thousand for native white, and 52 per thousand for foreign white, population.

The estimate of eight children per family for the time of Benjamin Franklin, quoted by Dr. Engelmann, while probably correct, should, as you intimated last week, be coördinated with the fact that the mortality of that period in large families, according to the data given in Mr. Dexter's 'Yale Annals and Biographies from 1701 to 1763,' frequently reached 60 or 70 per cent.

To encourage those who are inclined to take a gloomy view of the future of the native American population, the following facts are presented. By the twelfth census of the United States the white population of the mainland in 1890 was 55,101,258. The gross increase in white population from 1890 to 1900 was 19,056,281, the elements of which were distributed in the following proportions:

Native white children of native white parentage (under ten years)	10,649,101	= 55.8%
Native white children of foreign white parentage (under ten years)	4,719,616	= 24.7%
Immigrants, white parentage (all ages)	3,687,564	= 19.3%
Gross increase	19,056,281	
Deducting the net increase of whites, 1890-1900	11,707,938	
Leaves the total loss by death and emigration	8,348,243	

Assuming that this loss was equally distributed among the different elements, and that 55.8 per cent. of the total loss by death and emigration occurred among native whites of native white parentage (an estimate too large because of the greater mortality among those of foreign parentage, and the fact that the loss by emigration occurs almost entirely among this class), there still remains after this reduction of 4,658,319 a net gain of 5,990,782 due to native white children of native white parentage, or a gain of 10.8 per cent. on the total white population of 1890. The total white population in 1900 was 66,809,196 (twelfth census, vol. ii., p. xvii); 10.8 per cent. of this is 7,215,393, which, multiplied by ten, gives a total increase of 72,215,393 for the next one hundred years, thus more than doubling the white population exclusive of any foreign aid, and, if reckoned by the usual method of compounding every ten years, more than doubling the *entire* popu-

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lation by means of native children of native parentage alone.

THEODATE L. SMITH.

CLARK UNIVERSITY, WORCESTER, MASS.,
June 8, 1903.

Notes.

Longmans, Green & Co. have nearly ready a drama in three acts, entitled "Mors et Victoria," the scene being laid in France shortly after the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

E. Belfort Bax's 'Rise and Fall of the Anabaptists' and Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer's 'Robert Morris: Patriot and Financier' are forthcoming from Macmillan Co.

Sir Henry Burdett's year-book, 'Hospitals and Charities,' for 1903 (London: The Scientific Press; New York: Scribners), continues to present the fullest and most accurate statistics of philanthropy obtainable, prefaced, as usual, by fresh discussion of current problems. It is especially strong in regard to the economy and finance of the institutions it deals with, and practical views are everywhere taken. We may instance the chapter on the hospital construction of the past year as having an obvious utility by reason of the select particulars. The United States charities are embraced in the same view with those of Great Britain and her colonies. The Annual is now in its fourteenth year.

'The International Year Book' for 1902 (Dodd, Mead & Co.) offers a sufficient account of last year's main occurrences, and, while maintaining the plan and standard of preceding volumes, has aimed at "a greater degree of compression" and an advance "in concise and logical treatment." Such topics as the Russianization of Finland, the coal strike, and the Arbitration Commission are handled without fear or favor. Notable among the illustrations are some of the portraits, especially that of President Palma of Cuba. Cecil Rhodes, we are told, "had implicit faith in his intuitions, and that sublime courage and steadfastness which often come from lack of a higher education; . . . a vast, rugged, unlearned simplicity was the basis of his nature," and was shown in "his disregard for the finer problems of ethics" and "his incapacity for deep analytic reasoning." No less free are the comments (pp. 405-6) on Mr. Henry James, who "has steadily cultivated a wilful obscurity of style, a verbal eccentricity. . . . He excels in the art of leaving a thought half uttered, of implying rather than expressing, of analyzing human motives down to infinitely small quantities—the differential calculus of the emotions." This is not the old dry-as-dust cyclopædic manner.

Volume V. of 'Lamb's Biographical Dictionary of the United States' (Boston: Federal Book Co.) pursues the even tenor of its undistinguished way through 666 large pages, from Leaming to Newton. To those who hold that in books of reference we want simply to get the facts, and not to see how well the editors and contributors can write, this work should be acceptable. Yet if facts have souls as well as bodies, a less objective and literal method might sometimes be enlightening. The sketch of General McClellan gives no hint of the doubts and heartburnings which made the autumn of 1862 so critical a time; and that of President McKinley mitigates the tragedy of September 6, 1901, by quoting a whole column from his speech made the day before. Apparently these biographers have found no heights to climb, no rugged ravines to cross; all varieties of character and fortune merge into a level road for their easy pacing. Minor worthies, legislators and pastors otherwise forgotten these fifty years, are here embalmed beside their betters; they all alike were born, did something, held places, and died; and their tale is told in a spirit of plain democracy, neither with undue compression nor with an eye to commercial values and results. Two more volumes (unless the subject grows out of hand) should complete this honest and kindly series, in whose placid pages the toilworn may seek an antidote to the fevered haste of our unresting age.

Mr. T. M. Clark's 'Building Superintendence,' which has kept the field since 1883, has just been revised and republished in a fifteenth edition (Macmillan). Novel in particular is the chapter on the construction of a steel-frame building. The work is designed to be a manual for young architects, students, and other interested persons. It is illustrated by diagrams.

The demand for Dr. Francis H. Williams's solid work, replete with figured and photographic illustrations, on 'The Roentgen Rays in Medicine and Surgery, as an Aid in Diagnosis and a Therapeutic Agent,' is evidenced by its passing to a fresh edition every year. The third edition now comes to us from Macmillan, with an enlarged appendix, which strives to keep pace with the rapid development of the therapeutic uses of the X-rays, particularly in skin disease —a great boon, as the illustrations "before and after" strikingly reveal; and cancer is included.

Another edition of Gilbert White's 'Natural History of Selborne' (Cassell & Co.) tends to stretch out the line towards a hundred. Rjchard Kearton, F.Z.S., is the present editor, and lays less stress on his notes than on his 123 photographic illustrations from nature. These are all helpful, many of them admirable, and add a grace to the simple and compact letterpress. We have, besides the natural history, views of Gilbert White's country, home, sundial, and gravestone.

J. F. Taylor & Co. begin out of chronological order with 'Hereward the Wake' a new uniform "Library Edition" of Charles Kingsley's Works, manufactured at the Cambridge (Mass.) University Press. This historical romance requires two volumes, 16mo, bound in wine-colored cloth and adorned each with three illustrations of moderate excellence. The series will embrace only the novels and the poems, with 'Letters and Memories of Kingsley's Life,' edited by his wife, and will be under the supervision of Maurice Kingsley, who here furnishes two brief introductions. The whole get-up is quiet and unpretentious.

Washington Irving's 'Astoria' and 'Adventures of Captain Bonneville' have been abstracted to make up the small volume in the Knickerbocker Series styled 'The Fur Traders of the Columbia River and the Rocky Mountains' (Putnams). A useful table of important events has been prefixed, an index provided, and a certain number of illustrations sprinkled up and down, mostly photographs from nature or from old prints. Needless to say that the patchwork is good reading.

Helen Milman (Mrs. Caldwell Crofton), compiler of 'My Kalendar of Country Delights' (John Lane), admits that she has to "run the gauntlet of being called sentimental," and she has not contented herself merely with other men's poesies in decking out her calendar. She trails a running commentary of her own through verse and prose selections, drawn wholly from past authors except for some anonymous inedited verse, and from many rare books. She is careless about indicating her sources either at all or precisely, but her taste is good and her effusiveness not unbearable. The book is very pretty.

The American Sportsman's Library has recently added two volumes to its list, 'Big Game Fishes of the United States,' by Prof. C. F. Holder, and 'Bass, Pike, Perch, and Others,' by Dr. James A. Henshall. It must have been a severe trial to Dr. Henshall, so enthusiastic a devotee of the black bass for these many years, to treat his favorite fish merely as one of so miscellaneous a haul. About eighty-five different species are described, only a small fraction of which could get credentials from the average angler as genuine game fish, and some of which, as the rock bass, are regarded as nuisances by the angling fraternity with almost complete unanimity. No doubt some such round-up was necessary, but it seems a pity that the grayling, the mascalonge, the black bass, and Dr. Henshall should be sacrificed to this necessity. Professor Holder has also to deal with a large and miscellaneous list, though they all possess sufficient size and strength to bring the angler's muscles into strenuous play. Professor Holder stands up vigorously for tarpon and tuna fishing as a high type of sportsmanship, comparing it to the hunting of the lion and tiger. It may be questioned, however, whether the sport in which the fish is sacrificed merely for the sake of the victory in physical strength and skill, with the attendant exercise, stands ethically as high as that which brings a legitimate and healthful article of food to the angler's table. The book is amply illustrated, largely from the originals in the well-known Government report of Dr. G. Brown Goode; but in the six or eight attempts at illustration in color the result is invariably a fish "that never was, on sea or land."

A translation from the Dutch of Holleman's 'Organic Chemistry,' by A. J. Walker and O. E. Mott (John Wiley & Sons), calls for special mention as giving a good outline of the subject in one volume, wherein the reasoning by which chemists have been led to the constitutional formula of each class of bodies is set forth with a lucidity, cogency, emphasis, and prominence that one will seek in vain in any other text-book of organic chemistry. Great logical ability, good judgment, and skill in presentation have gone to the making of this book, which will take rank as a classic.

Ladenburg's 'History of Chemistry since Lavoisier' has been translated by Dr. Leonard Dobbin, with the addition of two new chapters by the author, who has taken great pains with the revision of this English edition. The great convenience and value of the work, especially for its references, are well known (University of Chicago Press).

Considering the advanced state of es-

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tronomy in this country, and the distinction of our mathematicians—Bowditch, B. Pierce, G. W. Hill, Newcomb—in this department, it is remarkable that there has been no modern 'Introduction to Celestial Mechanics' in our language. This want has at length been supplied by Dr. F. R. Moulton of Chicago in a work bearing that title (Macmillan Co.), composed with remarkable good judgment, and indispensable to all students of the subject.

A text-book out of the common is the 'Elementary Calculus' of Prof. William H. Echols of the University of Virginia (Henry Holt & Co.). It is the first which, while remaining elementary, easy, and thoroughly practical, makes a serious and well-studied endeavor to put the student in possession of the ideas now generally entertained by up-to-date mathematicians concerning the logic and fundamental conceptions of the subject, no teacher of which should neglect to examine this original and valuable presentation of it.

The eighth volume of the series "Our European Neighbors," 'Danish Life in Town and Country' (Putnams), by Jessie Brochner, is a chatty and careful account of a very interesting little country. The author evidently knows her subject thoroughly, and shows good judgment in the selection of material. We have discovered no serious errors of fact or conclusion. The statement, however, on page 142, that "the new Government readily granted to him [Georg Brandes] that professorship which had been so long withheld," is misleading, as Brandes received, not the professorship of æsthetics, which was already filled, but the honorary title of professor. So, too, the description of the Danish cloisters as "'convents of nobility' for the first three classes" is inaccurate, as Vallö, the most important, admits only daughters of the nobility without regard to other class distinction. The first name of Dalgas is not Ernesto, as is stated in the index, but Enrico. As a rule, the Danish forms, of which there is a large number, are given correctly, and most of the slips in spelling that we have noted are probably printers' mistakes. Among the topics treated in the twenty chapters special mention may be made of the general characterization of the Danish people, which is sympathetic without being unduly laudatory; public education, a particularly timely topic; the position of women; and agriculture. A valuable feature is the set of fifteen illustrations, seven of which deal with Copenhagen. The choice of subjects is excellent, and the execution leaves little to be desired. The only obvious omission is that of Kronborg. The index is inadequate.

Carl Johan Gustaf, Count Snoilsky, the foremost Swedish lyrical poet of his generation, died at Stockholm, May 19. Snoilsky, who wrote under the pen name Sven Tröst, was born at Stockholm, September 8, 1841. After studying at the University of Upsala, where his lyrical talent first found expression in a students' literary club, he entered the Foreign Office. He was rapidly advanced, and in 1876 was elected a member of the Swedish Academy. In this latter year appeared his translation of Goethe's ballads. In 1879 he resigned office and exiled himself for ten years. To this period belongs the most important body of his poetical work, consisting of three volumes published in 1881, 1883, and 1887, respectively. Soon after his return to Sweden, Snoilsky was appointed head of the Royal Library in Stockholm, and in 1893 received an honorary doctor's degree from his alma mater. His last collection of poems appeared in 1897.

A Summer Finding-List is a new and praiseworthy feature of the *Boston Public Library Bulletin* for June. It consists of the titles of nearly a thousand books which can be taken from the Library and retained without limitation as to time between June 10 and September 10. The range of selection has been broad, comprising works in various classes (except fiction) of interest and value to the general reader. Necessarily the more recent publications for which there is an active demand are not to be found on it. Books of the same general character not on the list will also be issued on the same conditions if special application be made for them. This simple method of enabling its patrons to improve the holiday leisure of the summer by good reading is one which every city library might well adopt.

Purchasers of half the first edition of a new novel issued by D. Appleton & Co. responded to a postal-card inquiry regarding the accident of purchase. A little more than a quarter (26 per cent.) owned that the bookseller's recommendation determined them; 16 per cent. had read the author's previous works; 14 per cent. took a friend's advice; advertising prevailed with 12 per cent., and reviews with 10; external attractiveness captivated 9 per cent.

In observance of the Emerson Centennial, a memorial school will be held at Concord and Boston, during July 13—31, under the auspices of the Free Religious Association of America. Thirty lectures covering the various aspects of Emerson's life and work will be given by eminent teachers, both lay and clerical; in the morning at Concord, in the evening at Boston. Information as to tickets, etc., may be had of David Greene Haskins, jr., No. 5 Tremont Street, Boston.

—Messrs. Scribner have brought together in one very handsome volume eight papers on Bookbinding by Miss S. T. Prideaux, whose 'Historical Sketch of Bookbinding' has been reviewed in these columns. The essays now issued are taken from the *Magazine of Art* of Cassell & Co., from *Bibliographica*, from the *Book-Buyer* (now called the *Lamp*), and from *Scribner's Magazine*. They are an interesting lot. The subjects chosen are a little on one or the other side of the main line of inquiry, and are all the more agreeable and useful for that. The third paper is a review of Mr. Thoinan's book, 'Les Relieurs Français,' and allusions to the same work occur in other chapters of the present book; the whole constituting a very just and careful statement of the quality and value of the important book which Miss Prideaux reviews. The last paper, entitled "Some Notes on Pattern-Making," deals with the utilization of Persian and other Western Asiatic designs and their applicability to the work of the bookbinder. The other essays are all in a way historical; thus, the first deals with "English and Scotch Bindings of the Last [19th] Century," and the second with Roger Payne; others deal with Early Stamped Bindings and Early Italian Bindings; and chapter five devotes sixty pages to the French Binders of To-day, making of the inquiry into their work an extremely interesting paper. It is not necessary to agree entirely with the hopefulness of Miss Prideaux in order to praise, to enjoy, and to learn from her work. It is not given to all persons to view the struggles of the would-be decorator of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries with the same favorable eyes. The modern bindings which help to illustrate the article on Pattern-Making may be taken as of Miss Prideaux's own design, and we find these commonplace and insignificant as design. There is no particular reason why the scrolls and spirals should turn this way more than that way. So the work of the living Frenchmen, shown in the fifth essay, is often fantastical; they are violent, too, and the owner of some of them would find them much more agreeable if kept in a closed bookcase with solid doors, to be brought out occasionally to point a moral rather than to have them on view. At the same time, the criticism which Miss Prideaux offers is sane and reasonable, and we like particularly what is said on page 135 about the mistaken notion that "the decorative outside of a book should be emblematic of what is within." That indeed is "a complete snare to the craftsman who is not an artist."

—The England of three hundred years ago knew little of numismatics. King James's translators in Genesis put "money" for silver, which was not minted till about 700 B. C., and in the Gospels rendered denarius by "penny," when sixpence (a piece familiar from Edward VI. on) would have been nearer the mark. A century later, Addison wrote on "Ancient Medals," meaning coins, with possibly a medallion here and there. These gaps have been filled in since: the British still say "Roman brass" for the bronze issues, very few of which, through the first century or so, were really brass; but that is mere conservatism, like the *u* in "honour." With us it was worse. Our auction catalogues of twenty years ago were often barbarously ignorant of ancient and foreign mintages, and a cyclopædia could illustrate Antoninus Pius by a coin of Caracalla, who used the better man's name. We too have mended our ways in this regard; the superior sort of dealers have admitted light from abroad, and plume themselves on the accuracy of their descriptions. Numismatics, hitherto regarded as the serious study of a few specialists and a harmless recreation for such as have time and money to spare, with a taste that way, now claims to be a branch of knowledge for the multitude. A "Home and School Library," issued on both sides of the sea, puts forth among its first numbers 'A Short History of Coins and Currency' (E. P. Dutton & Co.), by Lord Avebury, better known as Sir John Lubbock. This unpretending manual, based on a lecture at the London Institution, handles the Origin of Money and the Coinage of Britain, with supplementary chapters on Weights of Coins and Banknotes and Banking. It contains many interesting facts and a full list of English coins from the Conqueror on, with good copies (light, on a black ground) of sixty-two pieces, mostly Greek, Roman, and British. The most notable, perhaps, of these is the tetradrachm of Selinus on page 22 (previously copied and described by Mr. Head), which celebrates the stoppage of a

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pestilence about 450 B. C. by draining a marsh. This piece, as Lord Avebury says, "is an early recognition of sanitation, and might well be taken as a seal for the medical profession." The Judea Capta issues are not so rare that they might not have afforded a better portrait of Vespasian than that on page 36. Praise for the booklet is damped chiefly by the close stitching of the sheets, which (as in most American magazines) makes it difficult to hold open. This drawback is apt to be less oppressive in an English binding.

—A new number in Methuen's "Classical Translations" is 'Thirteen Satires of Juvenal,' by S. G. Owen, the well-known editor of Catullus and Ovid. Though he omits three satires as unfit for presentation in English, yet Mr. Owen regards Juvenal as a genuine reformer, actuated by right motives and sincere above any other pagan moralist of his time. He is hasty, however, in dubbing as "dilettanti critics" all who have questioned the satirist's sincerity. The services to classical scholarship of Boissier and Tyrrell, among the number, are certainly of too high a character to be requited by a depreciatory adjective from the pen of Mr. Owen. And M. Nisard, still more severe, is entitled to respect as a critic, however much his theory of criticism may be out of date to-day. In Mr. Owen's introductory tribute to his subject, the formal exigencies of the sonnet have wrought a measure of confusion in the thought:

"And with the nimble scalpel of thy rime
To excise the ulcers of a festering age"

is a fine conception in itself, as are the closing lines,

"Still thunders through the multitudinous years
The glory of thy voice that is not dead."

It is hardly necessary to point out, however, that two such different conceptions can hardly apply to the same style. It is the voice of thunder, not the "nimble scalpel," that really describes Juvenal. Tyrrell flattered himself that the worst of the vices described in these satires died with the Roman Empire—a blindness to modern conditions which Mr. Owen does not share. The translation, in prose, is based on his own recension of the text, recently published at the Clarendon Press; an extended commentary is soon to follow.

—Dr. Emil Reich has views concerning the preparation of historical maps which have been accepted by the *Times* in its 'History of the South African War.' In the preface to his 'New Student's Atlas of English History' (Macmillan) he gives a brief statement of his opinions, and then proceeds to illustrate them at length by the publication of fifty-five charts. Hitherto Gardiner's atlas has held the field, and it is by no means superseded now. Nevertheless, Dr. Reich furnishes a great deal of fresh material, and whether or not one accepts all his theories of map-making, this volume also wins a place of its own. In many ways it is more advanced and technical than Gardiner's atlas, while the presence in most cases of an explanatory text is a notable feature. "This atlas," says Dr. Reich, "is intended to aid the student of English history both in comprehending the leading historical facts and tendencies, and in retaining them in his memory. It attempts to be a cartographic supplement to John Richard Green's 'History of the English People.'" Fifteen years' experience as a teacher of history has convinced the editor that historical events must be projected on a map if a clear and permanent idea of the past is to be gained without disproportionately hard study. Historical facts, he reminds us, "are mostly not static, but of a decidedly dynamic nature." Therefore, graphic methods of map-making must be employed. The idea of movement must be accentuated, and this can best be done by the aid of colored arrows. Examiners of all grades, but particularly those who are going forward to Sandhurst, Woolwich, and the civil service, may be expected to prick up their ears when Dr. Reich says: "The average student will, by the aid of such maps, acquire a firm grasp of the sequence and connection of historic facts, and, it may confidently be added, in one-tenth of the time hitherto needed for that end." These are bold words, but Dr. Reich's maps undoubtedly have their function. The chief things that can be said against them are that they seem complicated with their network of erratic arrows, and that in their search for movement they tend to neglect physical features. By way of replying to the first objection, the editor says that the maps must be traced with the aid of the text. Then the complications will disappear. In very heavy type we are told that "the student [we may add the critic too] must in no case satisfy himself with merely looking at the maps; he must invariably first trace them several times, following the text, and then try to draw each map from memory." Whether all students and critics will realize this high degree of expectation, may be doubted. For the latter, it is not necessary that they should do so in order to recognize the real value of Dr. Reich's system. In the delineation of campaigns it is especially admirable; and partly, perhaps, for that reason Dr. Reich gives much space to the military aspects of history. He has not, however, sacrificed everything else upon the altar of warfare. The maps of Sussex according to Domesday, of Feudal England, of the Enclosures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and of the monasteries at the beginning of the Reformation, emphasize those social motives in history of which Green, Dr. Reich's authority, thought so much. We doubt whether this book will lop off nine-tenths of the labor involved in learning English history by old methods, but it is certainly an indispensable volume for all systematic students.

—In the March number of the *Deutsche Rundschau* of last year, Prof. James Taft Hatfield of Northwestern University gave preliminary announcement and a careful analysis of hitherto unpublished letters and a diary of the poet Wilhelm Müller, author of the "Griechenlieder," which the poet's son, Prof. Max Müller, had recently found among his family papers. This material Professor Hatfield has now, in conjunction with Dr. Philip S. Allen of the University of Chicago, brought out in a handsome volume, entitled 'Diary and Letters of Wilhelm Müller,' which is a credit both to the editors and to the University of Chicago whose imprint it bears. While Müller is not a great personality in any sense, he is certainly a very characteristic representative of later German romanticism, its lyric charm, its easy grace, its playfulness and youthful enthusiasm. This impression, conveyed by all of Müller's poetry, is strengthened by the present publication, especially by the diary covering his Berlin stay, from October, 1815, to December, 1816. In reading these sentimental effusions on love, on friendship, on purity of heart, on religion, on meekness, on cultivation of the inner life, one finds it hard to realize that they were written by a youth who had just returned from the battlefields of the Napoleonic wars; but one gains a new sense of the elevation of thought and feeling which, after all, was the most fundamental of the forces that made the rising of the German nation against the foreign oppressor possible. It must be confessed that Müller's letters, especially those to his wife, have the effect of an anti-climax: they reveal him as spoiled by success, vain, and superficial.

—The current number of the Neapolitan journal, *La Critica* (May 20), aside from a striking study of Edmondo de Amicis by the editor, Signor Croce, a paper on contemporary Italian philosophy by Professor Gentile, and the usual number of important reviews, contains a brief but highly significant correspondence between Signor Croce and Signor Corrado Ricci, the well-known Director of the Royal Gallery at Parma, grouped under the general heading "Il Monoteismo Dantesco." These letters are of particular interest because they indicate a healthy reaction against that surplusage of critical work devoted to Dante which has been a distinguishing feature of Italian scholarship in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and which has tended throughout to obscure the philosophic continuity of Italian literature. These supererogatory Dantists, says Signor Croce, "had they lived thirty years ago, would have discussed the unity of the language; seventy years ago, purism and anti-purism; if in the eighteenth century, they would have recited sonnets in Arcadia; if in the seventeenth century, cogitated conceits and anagrams; if in the *Cinquecento*, composed dialogues on Platonic love or discourses on a sonnet or a verse of Petrarch or Monsignor della Casa." The exclusiveness of their interest in Dante is due, "not to an excess of love for the great poet, but solely to an innate indifference to art itself." It would be well for our own Dante scholars to give some attention to these considerations. Mr. A. J. Butler, in his recent preface to Federn's 'Dante and his Times,' in like manner complained that the study of Dante at the present time "is not part of any general interest in the Italian language and literature, which, in England at all events, still suffer under 'the deplorable and barbarous neglect' perceived and lamented by Mr. Gladstone a quarter of a century ago."

—In 'Kant's Prolegomena to any Future Metaphysics, edited in English by Dr. Paul Carus, with an Essay on Kant's Philosophy, and Other Supplementary Matter' (Chicago: Open Court Co.), we find a careful and excellent translation of a work whose importance Kant's students sometimes fail to appreciate, while the present editor extravagantly says that it "is indubitably the most important" of Kant's writings. What is *indubitable* is doubted by no competent person. Dr. Carus perhaps refuses this title to all other writers on Kant. He says in

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the preface: "The present translation is practically new, but it goes without saying that the editor utilized the labors of his predecessors, among whom Prof. John P. Mahaffy and John H. Bernard deserve special credit. Richardson's translation of 1818 may be regarded as superseded and has not been consulted, but occasional reference has been made to that of Prof. Ernest Belfort Bax." We are glad Dr. Carus did not let it go altogether without saying that he had "utilized" the translation of Mahaffy (published only after revision by the Rev. Dr. John Henry Bernard); but his readers might have preferred to be informed of the extent to which such utilization went. In point of fact, Dr. Carus's "practically new" translation agrees, in all but a small percentage of its matter, with that of Mahaffy *verbatim et literatim;* and this would seem to be dictated by good sense, supposing Mr. Mahaffy consents. Why make a new translation where an existing one is good? The most striking difference is that Mahaffy prints in italics the phrases which Kant spaced to the same effect. There are also some quite trifling divergencies in the translation of a few of Kant's technical terms. A few idiomatic expressions have been more familiar to Dr. Carus, and here the changes, though small, are unquestionable improvements. It may be added that Mahaffy's translation was in part based on that of Richardson, though the alterations are so great that the fact would hardly have been discoverable without Mahaffy's statement of it, duly made in his preface. The "supplementary matter" consists, one half of it, of selected extracts from various writers, all well worth reading and some of them decidedly amusing for the reflected light they throw on their authors. The other half is Dr. Carus's account of Kant's philosophy. To our thinking he subtracts somewhat from Kant's doctrine and thus renders it more acceptable, without beginning to cut deep enough to meet the exigencies of modern reflection.

—President Roosevelt's political oratory during his late far-Western tour having secured adequate attention, a little space may properly be given to some of his other utterances. In one of the first speeches he informed the representatives of an athletic society that he was always in favor of "vigorous, rough, athletic sport." Few people now would differ from him as to the value of vigorous and athletic sport; but with President Roosevelt the distinguishing mark is roughness. There must be collision, there must be human bodies hurled against each other in intentional shock; there must be danger—nay, certainty—of pain, with great probability of wounds or even of fractures; because no boy or youth is fit to enter on fighting, which is the essential business of life, till he has shown that he is tough and not tender, hardened and not sensitive, rough and not gentle. The President's pet word thus cuts out the great majority of athletic sports and their votaries. His favorite roughness—collision, pounding, crushing—plays no part in walking, running, leaping, riding, swimming, rowing, sailing, tennis (whether in the court or in the field), golf, basketball, or fencing. In running, indeed, anything like a collision is absolutely foul play. In baseball there are occasionally rough collisions; but they are directly forbidden by the rules, and are always considered unsportsmanlike. There are three sports where roughness is part of the play—wrestling, which is scarcely known among us, and the President's beloved boxing, and football. The most elaborate course of gymnastic exercises—including the tug of war—does not call for roughness; and in the very hardest athletic sport of all, which involves the most exhausting work, the most careful eye, hand, and foot, the most submissive discipline, viz., mountaineering, tenderness—the most careful and delicate avoidance of everything which can hurt or hamper our comrades—is peremptorily required. What a poor, nerveless, "sissy" set of men, then, the majority of athletes must be, never to bruise or pound, or knock down or trample each other!

SCOTCH SURVIVALS FROM THE CELTIC WORLD.

Outer Isles. By A. Goodrich-Freer. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902. Pp. xvi, 448.

Witchcraft and Second Sight in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland: Tales and Traditions Collected Entirely from Oral Sources. By the late John Gregorson Campbell. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons. 1902. Pp. xii, 314.

Evil Eye in the Western Highlands. By R. C. Maclagan, M.D. London: David Nutt, 1902. Pp. viii, 232.

The fate of the Hebrides, inner and outer, has been a strange one. Their name — sprung, says the story, from a fortunate misprint of the Plinian Hebudes — has a dying cadence which has charmed poets of all times with visions of a magic outer world. To the young Milton, "the stormy Hebrides" came with the fable of Bellerus old; Collins gives one of his smoothest lines to "the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle"; and by Wordsworth the beauty born of its murmuring sound was fixed "in the silence of the seas among the farthest Hebrides."

But known thus as a name powerful to raise visions, they have remained unknown in themselves — an Avalon or Hy Brasil within sight of our shores, but ever retired from our life. Tourist steamers may trail their smoke pennons to and fro among them: they have remained aloof in proud, almost mystic solitude, untouched with any stain from our commonness. Again and again they have been discovered, again and again have sunk back into their former inaccessibility, a piece of the older world. Johnson felt their spell, but how could he interpret these fairy mysteries? Collins, though he had never seen them, came, too, beneath that spell, and his great ode has atmosphere and understanding alone in its time. After Scott's one voyage he heard the roaring of their skerries till he died, but his verse could not render Celtic melodies. Our classical and semi-classical ages and our period of Teutonic romanticism had no kinship with the still older world of the Celt, an Oriental castaway on gray, northern shores illumined by a scanty and slanting sun. In later times, Alexander Smith knew and told of them and their people, and Robert Buchanan, too, in his saner days. As for William Black, his West Highlander is much like the Irishman of Lever; yet no one has pictured as he the magic of the land itself. Such few tellers have there been of a sea and shores whose secret baffled their utmost seeking.

And in this sacred isolation there was its own fitness. These isles were holy in their day. There is hardly one, even of the smallest—some bare rock—which has not its ruined church or remains of hermit cells. By way of them the Christian civilization of Ireland passed back to reconquer Western Europe: round them the religious life of three realms gathered. Iona, with its long roll of buried kings, was but the head of numberless settlements of monks and hermits on the islands scattered down the coast. Now, all that is left is these remains of churches or of clustered beehive houses, with here and there a broken Celtic cross, perhaps with an inscription in the Celtic character—these, and names and traditions persistent in the memory of the people, and a remnant in the farthest islands still clinging to the old faith.

And so, strange as it seems in fiercely Protestant Scotland, there still survive there whole communities untouched by the Reformation, whose life lies in the days of the Fingalians, of Ossian, Saint Columkille and Saint Bride, for whom the Old World romance is blended with the Old World belief. It is of these especially that Miss Goodrich-Freer, herself of the Roman Church, tells. In the Celtic renaissance which is upon us, her book must hold an honored place. The sentimentality, the vapid æstheticism, the sham mysticism, the strained preciousness of word and idea which have marked so many of its kind are lacking from it. Its reader feels sure that from point to point his contact is with actual, living men, not with ghosts returned from a hypothetical Celtic age. This realness, joined with an essential strangeness, is what makes its charm. Thus its picture of a simple-minded Old World Catholicism, shot with colored threads of imagination straight, one would think, from the 'Morte d'Arthur,' is drawn after the life from fishermen and crofters evidently of our day and facing its economic problems. It would take Cervantes to deal fitly with a people who can wall so absolutely in two worlds, and even Don Quixote nowadays would have found it hard to lay a lance in rest for Prince Charlie. But this strange race sing of him still as a fair maiden by his secret name of Morag; are Jacobites of more authentic descent and more unswerving fidelity than any of our absurd sectaries of the White Rose; and are, for all that, excellent subjects of the present reigning house. Again, to education there is with them the most absolute devotion, and they have in it a singular success. Their hard life has not thinned the keen Celtic brain to stupidity, as with the typical peasant; the centuries of ecclesiastical environment, it may be, left their mark too deep. But though they thus are schooled in the present, their thoughts are in the past. Broken fragments of the rich old mythology are still part and parcel of their common faith. The Carnegie endowment and a world of second sight, fairies, and omens jostle each other for them.

All this Miss Freer, guided by close sympathy and large knowledge, puts before us. To an equally excellent treatment of the crofting and fishing questions, of antiquities, and especially of the traditions and remains of the Norsemen and of eccle-

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siastical life and differences, only allusion can be made. Miss Freer is the last discoverer of these isles, and her record is full and illuminating.

The book by the late J. G. Campbell is more limited in its scope and detailed in its treatment. It, with its companion volume on the 'Superstitions of the Scottish Highlands,' published two years ago, is practically an attempt to gather up the surviving fragments of the Celtic mythology. This volume embraces witchcraft, black and white, death warnings, second-sight and the Celtic year. The greater part of the former volume was devoted to fairies and kindred creatures, such as brownies, mermaids, kelpies, and water horses. The almost unique value of both volumes can hardly be exaggerated. Mr. Campbell was minister of Tiree for thirty years. He was in close intercourse with his people, and had, evidently, a singularly objective mind, which could fix and retell what reached it without admixture or change. Thus it is always perfectly easy to separate from the recorded fact the comment or explanation which he sometimes adds. No one will be misled by his derivation of "summer" on p. 226, or by his explanation (p. 184) of the protection afforded by a running stream as due to the shock of cold water arousing the traveller from his fancied terrors. A more essential point for criticism is the distinction made between the spirits controlled by witches and the uncontrolled and uncontrollable fairies. There can be little doubt that this is not fundamental, but has originated under Christian influence. Fairies and devils, for the heathen Celt, as for the heathen Arab, in all probability, did not stand generically apart. A comparison, indeed, between all the spirits detailed here and the numberless phases and manifestations of the Jinn in Muslim superstition suggests itself at every turn to the Orientalist. Of special interest is the gradual but only partial development in Islam of the division apparently completed among the Celts. Muslims have never lost consciousness of the identity of Ifrits and Satans with the Jinn.

Another point of agreement is the comparative lack of ghosts, in the true sense, on both sides. Among the Celts, this is balanced, in a way, by an extension of the doctrine of "the double." A man may have a ghostly double which wanders about absolutely independent of him, though there is a tendency for the owner of a double to follow after a time in its traces. Thus there comes about a kind of anticipatory haunting, with, to our ideas, the most topsy-turvey consequences. The scene of a murder or some catastrophe is marked out for gruesome things by weird occurrences there, long before its time. The result is a number of ghost stories of striking effectiveness, produced, perhaps, by the impression of connections and causations backwards as well as forwards, uniting the unseen and the seen worlds closely together. Of other stories, almost equally effective, there is an abundance here. The parallels, for example, to the story of the King of Cats go far to make it much more intelligible; there is a queer analogue to the story of the ring of Venus, in which Michael Scott plays the part of the magician; above all, there is the tale of the tailor and the Long Gray Paw; well told, it will give shudders to the most hardened.

Of Dr. Maclagan's study, little need be said. It is an admirable, if somewhat monotonous, collection of material bearing on the evil eye, tending to liveliness only where the professional feeling of the "qualified medical practitioner" comes in. One lexicographical result may be worth citing. The Century Dictionary notices "blinked" as applied to milk or beer in the sense 'turned stale or sour,' but gives no explanation. The Oxford Dictionary gives as one alleged explanation that the milk has been looked upon by an evil eye, and as another that it is due to lightning or the sun. In view of the usages in this book, the evil-eye explanation seems almost certain to be right. To the knowledge of the present reviewer, however, this origin of the word had dropped out of consciousness thirty years ago in the west of Scotland, and "blinkit" —so pronounced, like "stickit"—milk meant there simply milk slightly soured or turned by any cause.

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS ON ART.

Michael Angelo Buonarroti. By Charles Holroyd, Keeper of the National Gallery of British Art. London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

Botticelli. By A. Streeter. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1903.

Leonardo Da Vinci. By Georg Gronau.—*Millet.* By Romain Rolland.—*The French Impressionists* (1860-1900). By Camille Mauclair. (The Popular Library of Art.) London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Art in the Nineteenth Century. By Charles Waldstein, Litt.D., Ph.D., L.H.D., etc. Macmillan. 1903.

The Meaning of Pictures. By John C. Van Dyke. Scribners. 1903.

Pictorial Composition and the Critical Judgment of Pictures. By H. R. Poore, A.N.A. The Baker & Taylor Co.

The Old and the New Renaissance. By Edwin Wiley. Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South. 1903.

Part first of Mr. Holroyd's book, consisting of about 90 pages, is a translation of Condivi's 'Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti'; part second, of about 160 pages, entitled "The Works of Michael Angelo," consists of a sort of running commentary on Condivi, and is illustrated with some fifty half-tone plates. "For convenience of reference, the chapters in the two parts are divided so as to cover the same periods of time in the life of the master." As an appendix, we have Francisco d'Ollanda's "Dialogues on Painting," in which Michelangelo is one of the interlocutors, "translated from the Portuguese with the help of Mr. A. J. Clift." Condivi's Life has been used by all the biographers of Michelangelo, beginning with Vasari, and extracts from it are common, but, we are assured, it has never before been translated in its entirety. Many parts of it were undoubtedly inspired by Michelangelo himself, and it is the most valuable single writing on the subject which exists. To translate it was a happy thought. The present translation reads smoothly. It differs greatly, at some points, from the extracts given by Symonds, and we are unable to judge which translator is the more accurate, though Symonds's version generally seems, intrinsically, more probable. The "Dialogues" of Francisco d'Ollanda has an apocryphal air, and the speakers talk remarkably alike. One doubts if it has any value as a record of Michelangelo's opinions, but it is rather interesting as a piece of sixteenth-century dialectic and a glorification of painting and painters. Most of the matter in the second part is, of course, to be found elsewhere, but it is judiciously selected and mingled with shrewd observations of Mr. Holroyd's own. Taken altogether, the volume gives in a convenient form almost everything that the "young student," for whom it is intended, will need to know about Michelangelo, and will prove a safe guide to his works. The illustrations are well chosen and pretty well executed. We are especially grateful for the engravings of those frescoes in the Pauline chapel which every one writes about and no one publishes.

Mr. Streeter's 'Botticelli' is a very good specimen of art criticism *à la mode.* Next to nothing is really known about Botticelli, and "there is as yet no direct clue to the dates of a majority of [his] pictures," but, as "a classification according to *period* . . . is clearer and more critical than a classification according to *subject*," and as it is desirable "to reconstruct the artist's life-work in the order of its natural development," a chronology must be made out somehow, mostly by the aid of wild guessing. The "Primavera" is variously dated by the "authorities" 1478 or 1483-84. The latter date was suggested by Signor Supino partly because of the manifest connection of the picture with Poliziano's Latin poem, "Rusticus," written in 1483, which "describes the assembly of the gods in the springtime as including precisely the same figures as those represented in the painting." Mr. Streeter first accepts the earlier date, purely on evidences of style, and then gravely remarks that "a comparison of the respective dates of the picture and poem is sufficient to refute" the theory that the former is founded upon the latter. Recast in the form of dialogue, the argument is something like this:

Supino—The picture must have been painted after 1483 because it is founded on a poem of that date.

Streeter—But it wasn't founded on that poem.

Supino—How do you know?

Streeter—Because, if the picture was painted in 1478, it must have preceded the poem.

And Signor Supino is triumphantly refuted.

Another instance of the same sort of thing may be given. There is in the Uffizi a portrait which is "generally supposed" to represent Giovanni dei Medici. Mr. Streeter says:

> "As a portrait, if that surmise is correct, it is of less interest than the preceding one, as it canot have been painted from life. Giovanni having died in the year 1461. In the strong, intellectual features Botticelli shows his power of reconstructing a vigorous and commanding personality."

A painter would have said that, as the head manifestly *was* painted from life, it was either not a portrait of Giovanni or was not by Botticelli. A painter could have told Mr. Streeter, also, that the pose of the Christ-child's hand, and the absence

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of cast shadow, show that the miniature crown of thorns and the nails in the Poldi Pezzoli "Madonna" are probably later additions, and that some one else than Botticelli is to be credited with the "deep pathos in the inspiration" which placed them there. By some hocus-pocus that some one should have detected, the plate of the "Primavera" is reversed, and is a puzzle to the uninitiated and a trap for the unwary.

The three latest additions to the Popular Library of Art are all excellent little books in their different ways. Dr. Gronau is clear and adequate in his account of Leonardo's life, so far as it is known to us. He confines his discussion of the master's art to such works as are universally accepted as his or are certainly known to have existed, and says as little as possible about disputes as to authenticity. With Leonardo as scientist he does not deal, nor would it be possible to do so on the scale of these volumes. The translation, by Frederic Pledge, does not always avoid a certain stiffness, but is generally clear and readable enough. It is noticeable that almost every drawing included in this volume gives more or less clear evidence of having been done with the left hand. It is astonishing that this test is not more generally applied to the many so-called Leonardo drawings.

M. Rolland's 'Millet' is an admirable piece of criticism, and gives in brief compass a truer idea of the artist and his art than anything else we have read. All that the author has to say of Millet's religious nature and of the relations of his work to the great classical art of the seventeenth century is profoundly true. We have a feeling that he slightly underrates Millet's technical power as a painter in oil, and yet that master's greatest technical achievements, in the solid modelling of earth and the perfect register of retreating planes, are clearly recognized. It is only the grave beauty of Millet's color, at its best, that is, perhaps, a little underestimated. The pure beauty and exquisite grace of "The Goose-girl," bathing, are no doubt exceptional in Millet's work, but his capability of expressing such qualities should not be ignored. The translation, by Miss Clementina Black, reads like original and forcible English. There are a few typographical errors, of which the only serious one is that on page 78, which gives the "Funeral at Ornans" to Corot instead of to Courbet.

The translation of M. Mauclair's little book on the French Impressionists is, unfortunately, too literal to be accurate, and the reader who knows no French is likely to be misled. Otherwise, it is a good, if over-enthusiastic, account of what the school has intended and accomplished. Taken with an occasional pinch of salt, it is palatable and wholesome. It is, perhaps, not surprising that the printer has, on how many occasions we cannot be quite sure, confused Manet with Monet.

In his lecture on 'Art in the Nineteenth Century' Dr. Waldstein takes art in its widest sense as including literature, music, architecture, and the decorative arts, as well as painting and sculpture. He has therefore little difficulty in showing that the nineteenth century was really a great artistic epoch—an epoch, indeed, whose artistic activity may well be called "stupendous." The characteristic of this activity he considers to be expansion, "the expansion of the subject-matter of art" and "the expansion of the mode and vehicle of artistic expression." Of course he finds his case easiest to make out as regards prose-fiction and music, though painting has gone far in this direction, and even sculpture has done something, if one confines one's consideration mainly to the school of Rodin. The chapter on architecture is significantly short, and that on the decorative arts deals mainly, alas! with *l'art nouveau*. We have noted a few minor slips, of which the worst are the substitution of Jerome for Gérôme, and the bestowal upon Carolus Duran of a final *t*.

Good sense is the most striking characteristic of Mr. Van Dyke's book—good sense so great as almost to be provoking. What is the reviewer to make of a book that is always calm, and cool, and *right;* that is never rash, or extreme, or "eloquent"; that sacrifices nothing to brilliancy, and never indulges in paradox or gains force by overstatement? If not profound, it is eminently sane; if not stimulating to jaded palates, it will prove nutritious to sound stomachs. It is neither strong meat nor ginger, hot in the mouth, but good bread; and good bread is a good thing. In a word, Mr. Van Dyke's writing is not unlike Hamerton's, and is more likely to be useful than a great deal of cleverer work.

A good book on pictorial composition is a desideratum, and in Mr. Poore's essay we hoped we had found it. Mr. Poore is himself an artist of some ability and speaks from practical knowledge; he has evidently devoted much thought to the matter of composition, and his ideas, so far as we understand them, are sound; unfortunately his lack of practice as a writer, and some personal eccentricities of expression, make him very difficult to understand. An instructor who should devote sufficient time to the book would find in it many hints that might increase the efficiency of his teaching; but the unaided art student, who is the person likeliest to purchase such a work, would be apt to find it more puzzling than useful. An almost entire absence of precise references to the illustrations under discussion adds to the other difficulties of its study.

We need say little about 'The Old and the New Renaissance.' The author's interest in art seems wholly sentimental, and his special qualifications for writing of it are undiscoverable. His lectures might serve as a mild stimulus to that kind of interest in art which sometimes exists among people who never see pictures and seldom read about them, but feel that it is a privilege to hear about them from some one who *has* read even if he has not seen. This is hardly reason enough for printing them, however.

Greater Russia. By Wirt Gerrare. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

If the English and American public are still in a state of rather crass ignorance about Russia and the Russians, it is not from lack of quantity of recent literature on the subject. Besides a flood of magazine articles of varying merit, the last years have witnessed a number of books of a more or less serious nature which have undertaken to describe the Empire of the Tsars from almost every point of view, and especially in connection with the new Trans-Siberian railway. Mr. Wirt Gerrare's 'Greater Russia' is distinctly one of the most readable of these works. It is in no way profound—the author is obviously not a deep student; nor is it comprehensive, for a large and perhaps the best part of it is the narrative of his own personal experiences. On the other hand, the book is decidedly well written, being lively, interesting, and, however superficial, pretty fair in its distribution of praise and blame. We may regret that the writer shows such readiness to make slap-dash generalizations on the strength of any single incident he relates; but though his opinions are hasty and his conclusions journalistic, his appreciations are in the main keen and intelligent. We can question a great part of what he says without being sorry that he said it. His first four chapters, "The Awakening of Russia," "Young Russia," "Industrial Russia," and "Agricultural Russia," can be compared with Mr. Norman's recent work. They are brighter and less careful. Here are two or three extracts, taken almost at random:

"The next natural product of importance is timber; of this there is in Russia and Siberia an apparently inexhaustible supply. It is not so large as American timber; much of it is at present inaccessible, and the science of forestry is neither understood nor valued. Much of the forest is birch, and birchwood makes the best paper pulp. This is an industry which is in its infancy; it must grow; and there is more than one fortune in it for the right people" (p. 30).

It is not true that the science of forestry is neither understood nor valued. In recent years the Government has made serious efforts in that direction. Of course very much yet remains to be done.

"In the 'New America' there is no initiative; all has to be brought in from the outside. Given the idea, shown the way, helped to a fair start, the Russian can go ahead with facility. The teacher is delighted; more apt pupils never were found. All goes well until the machinery wears or some little thing goes wrong; then things are at a standstill until outside help has been brought in to right them. If the same accident occurs from the same cause a second time, the Russian will be able to right matters, but if it is from a similar cause he is nonplussed. As a parrot speaks from rote without understanding, so the Russian workman does his task mechanically, and without comprehending, or attempting to comprehend, the why and the wherefore of the different parts of the more or less complicated tools he has to tend daily. He can do what he has done before, but in the simplest things he seems unable to trace the cause from the effect, or to remedy a trifling defect in a rough-and-ready but effectual way" (p. 40).

The statement contains a good deal of truth and not a little exaggeration.

"Throughout Russia the public—that is, the civilians—side with their own members in all conflicts with authority; and in a thronged thoroughfare the least disturbance may develop quickly into a riot which will need to be repressed by mounted gendarmes or the military. The Russian is of a very excitable temperament, and, whenever there is a show of feeling, both sides become more in earnest than the circumstances warrant. But for the praiseworthy forbearance of the humble officials entrusted with the maintenance of the peace, conflicts between the police and the public would be much more frequent and still more fiercely contested. If the people are in the mood to resent interference, it is sufficient that

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they are opposed by some representative of authority for such trouble to ensue as will make both sides regret that a trifling point was contested. In short, there appears to be in Russia not an organized, but a natural opposition to the representatives of Government, and the most insignificant and unsuspected occurrence may serve for its manifestation.

"There is not the rigid repression that obtained years ago. The voice of the dissident is heard proclaiming loudly, and he is not molested. A street tram is delayed an unreasonable time at a passing place. The passengers do not take into consideration that some accident may have prevented the other car from arriving on time at the point. They clamor for the return of their fare, or insist that the car proceed on its journey; they stamp, beat on the sheet-iron advertisement-panels with sticks, and appeal to the police; he, fearing a disturbance near his point, simply orders the driver of the car to proceed, and, from that moment until it arrives at its destination, the passengers do not allow the man to stop anywhere a minute" (pp. 50-1).

This is interesting and important if trustworthy, as on the whole seems probable.

We read on page 52: "A quality the moddern Russian lacks is appreciation of the picturesque." This sweeping remark is apparently based on two examples.

Chapter V. is devoted to the "Great Siberian Railway," and is much like other recent descriptions. Of course, it is soon followed by "The Real Siberia." Further on, the account of the author's experiences on the Amur is particularly well written. As for his "In disguise through Mantchuria," it is also good, but we cannot help wondering if the disguise was really necessary. It was certainly not true last year, if it was in 1901, that Englishmen were not allowed to travel through the country; in fact, things have moved so rapidly that Mr. Gerrare's description of the Mantchurian railway is already antiquated. We have also not seen any confirmation of his discovery of a line from Khailar to Kalgan in Mongolia, at the Great Wall and not far from Peking. The Russians build so fast that, if this railway exists, it ought to be nearly finished by this time. An opinion worth noting even if not a new one is (p. 223): "The Russian treatment of the Chinese in war is more brutal than that shown by any civilized race to the most cruel savages. At the same time, the general treatment of the individual Chinaman by the individual Russian is far more humane than that shown to inferior races by Europeans and Americans generally." There is food for thought in this.

The last two chapters, "Russia's Manifest Destiny" and "Conclusions," contain about what one would expect in the way of lament, advice, warning, exhortation, and prophecy. Nevertheless, they are worth reading, and the book as a whole can be freely recommended, even if we must exercise care before accepting many of its statements.

Around the World through Japan. By Walter Del Mar. The Macmillan Co.

This handsome and well-illustrated book is, in its opening and closing chapters at least, built on the good old English plan. One will find here detailed and nearly complete directions for making a trip around the world, according to the approved British style. Though in the "luggage" you do not find yellow gaiters and hip bathtubs set down, yet in the long list of necessaries nearly everything else imaginable is. Mr. Del Mar's quotations of authors and his high commendation of Murray guides mark him at once as a typical "red-book man." The detailed outfit is for "a bachelor travelling first-class and having the best of everything," who will spend on an average about $10 a day, "not including cigars or wines, or the purchase of outfit or curios," though including cloth overshoes to be put over walking boots when entering Japanese houses or temples.

The author's route took him first to Ceylon, to which as a tourist he devotes three chapters, and to Java, where he was at first disturbed by the exhibition in a hotel at the midday meal of bare white legs, and even more so by the "display of the exuberant charms of the portly Dutch matrons, who, in rather scanty costume, loll about the hotel veranda or recline there on the long cane or bamboo lounges." He thinks the Dutch residents of the Far East lose much of their native modesty, and afford a striking contrast with their country folk in Holland. The Java mosquitoes, he declares, excel, in both power of music and perforation, those inhabiting the paddy fields of Japan or the swamps of New Jersey. By morning, the space in the bowls around the lamp is filled with heaps four inches high of dead insects. Along the roads in the interior he noticed great black clusters hanging to the limbs of trees. These at first sight seemed to be fruit of some sort, but further inspection showed that they were fruit-eating bats hanging head downward and asleep. The two chapters devoted to Java give little real information, and contain only the impressions of a superficial traveller who used the railways. Mr. Del Mar found that "India," in the mouth of a Dutchman, always meant the Dutch East Indies—that is, Insulinde, or Island India. At Singapore and Hong Kong, Macao and Shanghai he saw the usual sights, and his text reflects merely the talk of the hongs and clubs. Concerning the problems which arise between the contact of the white and yellow races, including the missionary question, he has very little that is original matter, and on every page, even when not printed, one may read between the lines "They say."

Japan was evidently the country to which the bachelor traveller's feet were from the first directed, and over one-half of the book is devoted to the country of the cherry blossoms. He arrived in Tokio just when the clouds of pink and white at Ueno and along the Sumida and in Shiba filled the air with their loveliness. Indeed, at a distance, the traveller could only with the aid of a field-glass make distinction between the white smoke of locomotives and the floral mist of the cherry trees. At a garden party he saw the Empress and the Emperor—

"the personification of the intense spirit of loyalty and patriotism which is the greatest virtue and chief civic characteristic of the Japanese. . . . Like his father, the Mikado Koméi, his jaw is heavy and prominent, and the lips are thick and protruding, especially the under one. Under this mask of stolid imperturbability the Son of Heaven conceals his divine origin, his despotic power, and his modern statesmanship."

From Tokio the author took the train to Kioto, but it was a rainy day and he saw little of interest. Having no knowledge of Japanese history, except that hastily learned from the guide-book, his narrative is for the most part as flat as a Japanese poster, without the brilliant tints and effective lines of the latter. He journeyed also in the Island of Shikoku and eastern Kiushiu, and here, especially in Satsuma, he saw many interesting things and writes pleasingly about the industries, especially ceramics and sword-making. His return trip through the main island brought him through Nagoya and Hakoné. He visited northern Japan, Nikko and Asama Yama, but never, either in mind or body, strayed far from the beaten track.

It is in his seven chapters which discuss entertainments, the women, national characteristics, arts and artisans, trade and finance, that the author is most engaging; but he is nowhere profound or original, apparently lacks insight and all knowledge of the evolution of the Japanese, and his verbal pictures have slight literary charm. His reading seems scarcely to have extended beyond a few books of recent origin, and from these we get the scrapings rather than the pith. Occasionally he makes comparison with those portions of Europe within the usual run of travel which he has visited. He notes that "Japan is in fact a sterile country, largely volcanic, and with an area about the same as that of the State of Montana"; one-sixth of which is cultivated, while practically all the available land of the three chief islands is already under cultivation, the population exceeding that of the United Kingdom by about 9 per cent. Already the greater part of the principal islands is deforested. In many sections, the only trees now standing are to be found preserved in the grounds of temples. "In the sense that England, Scotland, and France are beautiful countries, Japan can hardly be considered to deserve the adjective." The pretty places in Japan are like plums in a pudding, and reports of the beauties of these isolated spots are exaggerated on account of their great contrast with the monotony and unattractiveness of the surrounding country. Concerning the relation between bachelor residents and the natives of both sexes, this author is an authority, for he took pains to interview many of his brothers of the single life. He finds that the resident scholars, teachers, and missionaries take too favorable a view, and idealize both Japan and the Japanese, while the dwellers in the ports are too pessimistic. It is in the writings of the "globe-trotter" like himself (p. 367) that a happy medium and a more just appreciation may be found. His return to the "silver streak" and London Club was made by way of Hawaii, California, and "the States."

After the very useful final chapter of "suggestions to tourists" there is a good index.

Les Sentences dans la Poésie Grecque d'Homère à Euripide. Par Trumbull Stickney. Paris: Librairie Georges Bellair. 1903.

The French, with their peculiarly keen sense for precise language, have maintained the literary use of the word which translates the Latin *sententia*, and is the true equivalent of the Greek γνώμη, "la sentence," the moral formula or general

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reflection. We in English talk of the "moral" of a story, and we use the adjective "sententious" with a glimmering of its origin, but we are content to call any fairly concise expression of gnomic wisdom a "proverb." The general reflection is one of the most marked features of nearly the whole of Greek poetry, always profoundly moral; but there are the widest differences in its use and application. Compare the Book of Proverbs, the strength and austerity of its dark sayings, with the chatter of the fine ladies of Swift's 'Polite Conversations,' who bandy vulgar saws and sayings from sheer poverty of thought; the divergence is wide, but no wider than between the gnomic poetry of Theognis or Pindar and the proverbs that give subtlety to the simple middle-class conversations in the Greek mimes of Herondas or the fifteenth Idyl of Theocritus. Mr. Stickney does not digress to literary parallels, but one may note in passing how essentially similar is the tone of all current proverbial philosophy. The prophecy that his mother taught King Lemuel, her advice to one choosing a wife, echoes the acid wisdom of Semonides; and Hesiod's maxim that you should leave your relatives alone and be on good terms with your neighbor, is in the very words of Solomon: "Go not into thy brother's house in the day of thy calamity; better is a neighbor that is near than a brother far off."

In the field of Mr. Stickney's study, which does not include any poet later than Euripides, the actual rôle of the moral formula is varied enough. The writer's aim is to survey the gnomic element in the epic and elegiac poets, Pindar and the dramatists, and to define precisely in each case how the abstract moral truth was envisaged and expressed.

With Homer, of course, the tale's the thing. In the crowded hours of the Iliad the toilworn warrior may not sleep, much less think, but must sally out even in the dark night "amid the slaughter, amid the slain men, through the arms and the black blood." How different is the economy of the Indian epic! In the Mahâbhârata, as Mr. Stickney points out, the embattled armies wait while the hero is instructed in the ethics of war to the tune of fifteen hundred verses. One signal exception that does but uphold the rule will occur to every reader of the Iliad. "Why inquirest thou of my race?" cries Glaukos to Diomede. "As is the race of leaves, so is the generation of man." "C'est l'unique passage d'Homère où une pensée générale et le sentiment de la nature se rencontrent" (p. 49). But Mr. Stickney adds that, for the Greek, the image invoked is still, as elsewhere in Homer, the image of the individual man, of Glaukos, his action, his untimely death. The moral rhetoric of Hesiod was rudimentary; hence the failure of the purely didactic epic with its paragraphic style. In the sententious elegiac we have the general reflection, with the addition of music and a more advanced rhetoric. In Pindar the logic is left out, and the result is the poem of vague religious meditation, so that we arrive at an antithesis between the moral and lyric and the moral and rhetorical, between Theognis and Pindar. Add to lyric the oratorical element in the form of iambic dialogue, and you have tragedy with its dramatized argument. That is to say, music obscured rhetoric in Pindar; and when in tragedy music falls into the background, it is the moment for Euripides, the "sophistischer Rhetor." Here, then, we see the basis of Plato's contention that tragedy and comedy are only public eloquence.

It is impossible to give more than this bare summary of Mr. Stickney's essay of 250 pages, itself concise enough. It is one of two theses presented by the author for the degree of Docteur ès Lettres, a degree that has not, we think, been taken previously by an English-speaking student. It is to be hoped that Mr. Stickney's example may stimulate other American students to choose Paris for the scene of their graduate studies. It would be a great gain for classical studies in our universities if we could import the French clarity of thought, the definiteness of expression, and the sense of style which are not always conspicuous in doctors of philosophy made in Germany. Mr. Stickney proves once again that French is admirably adapted for the translation of Greek, partly because it is so inevitably clear. For once, then, we have a doctor's dissertation that can be read with pleasure by any general reader who reads French. The mere fact would damn it at Berlin. Yet the scholar will find evidence of sound and up-to-date scholarship in this essay, and the "Litteratur" of the footnotes would defy the scrutiny of all the Teutons.

The proof-reading, however, is not above reproach. We note Kirchhoff almost always misspelled Kirchoff (p. 59); "poème" for "proème" (p. 117); Grenfelt and Oxyrrynchus for Grenfell and Oxyrhynchus (p. 204); Ajax for Agamemnon (p. 228); "Alk." for "Herakl. Main." On page 75 Mr. Stickney mistranslates a famous passage from Hesiod. We do not believe that *la misère* and *la richesse* are a possible translation of κακότης and ἀρετή. That the version is deliberate is proved by the translation on page 144 of ἀρετή by *la prospérité*.

An Introduction to the History of Western Europe. By James Harvey Robinson, Professor of History in Columbia University. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1903. Pp. xi., 714.

Though the purpose of the author in writing this book is nowhere definitely expressed, it is obvious that he has had in mind the needs of schools and academies. The book is, nevertheless, in no sense a "manual." The ideals of the artist are much more in evidence than those of the compiler. As we understand it, Professor Robinson has endeavored essentially to relate the history of Western Europe, within the limits of a single volume, in a narrative which shall not be too condensed to be clear and interesting, and from the reading of which the reader may get as good a notion as possible of the unity and continuity of western European history from the fourth to the twentieth century, by having his attention fixed mainly upon the political, intellectual, social, and economic forces which have, step by step, transformed Europe of the fourth century into Europe of the twentieth. Selection, emphasis, and effective presentation are consequently the keynotes throughout. Nowhere has the author scrupled to omit; nowhere spared pains to illuminate. If this method needs any justification, it has been furnished in the present case by the specific reference to readings, by the supplementary bibliography at the close of each chapter, by the promise of a volume, now in preparation, containing selected readings from the sources and from good secondary works, and by the maps, charts, and illustrations which accompany the text. The references have been made with great care and good judgment to books which are both satisfactory and accessible in English. Of the thirty-six maps, all are good, some especially useful, such as those on Christian Missions, Fiefs and Suzerains of the Courts of Champagne, Routes of the Crusaders, Ecclesiastical Map of France in the Middle Ages, Lines of Trade and Mediæval Cities, Voyages of Discovery, Salt Tax in France, Races of Austria, Hungary, etc. If the promised volume of selected readings be prepared with equal care, no better equipment for the teaching of history in secondary schools could be desired than these companion works will afford.

Those who have followed Professor Robinson's publications will not be surprised to learn that he has saved space by neglecting episodes and anecdotes "hallowed by assiduous repetition," for the purpose of paying some needed attention to institutions like the mediæval Church, and to "economic, intellectual, and artistic achievements." Of the 277 pages given to the Middle Ages (down to the fourteenth century) four chapters, aggregating fifty-five pages, have been devoted to a special consideration of the Church and its activities, exclusive of the Crusades and the conflicts between Pope and Emperor. In dealing with the mediæval Church the author has been more than usually successful. While the four special chapters are among the best in the book, the Church has not, so to speak, been pigeonholed in these four chapters. At every step the reader is made to feel that the Church was the all-pervasive and unifying force of the Middle Ages. There is perhaps no book in English, large or small, that shows so clearly the way in which the Roman Church assumed the discarded functions of the Roman State, until it became a great organization, not more religious than political and social—a social organization in the broadest sense, which held Western Europe together until the national state system was formed. The sequel to this story—the gradual but inevitable separation and nationalization of political, social, and religious functions, which constitutes the essence of the Reformation—is also indicated, though, we think, not with equal skill and clearness. The literary and artistic achievements of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance have been treated in separate chapters. In the eighteenth-century period, however, the intellectual activity is considered in connection with political events, and it is here that the author has been most successful in showing the relation between the two.

A few unimportant slips may be mentioned. It is not quite accurate to say that by the Great Charter "the king is to impose no *tax* save the three stated feudal aids" (p. 145). In spite of the qualifying statement which follows this sentence, the beginner will hardly understand that export duties, for instance, were not included in the limitation. The office of *bailli* did not originate with Philip Augustus (p. 130);

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it was merely made a general institution by him. Strictly speaking, not the pointed arch, but a supporting framework as distinguished from the enclosing material, was "the distinguishing characteristic of Gothic architecture" (p. 264). Mary Stuart's grandmother, not her mother, was the sister of Henry VIII. (p. 459).

Aside from these slips there are some points in which we believe the narrative might, in the hands of our author, be somewhat improved. The reasons for the rapid and comparatively easy conquests of Clovis might perhaps have been set forth with greater clearness (p. 36). The real significance of the first four Capetians is, it seems to us, incorrectly estimated. While their success was mediocre, their reigns were not barren of results for the house of France; they at least prepared the way for their successors (p. 121). The intimate connection between the ecclesiastical policy of Otto the Great in Germany and his interference in Italy has scarcely been given due weight (p. 149). While the treatment of Germany in the Middle Ages (chaps. 12-14) is, on the whole, admirable, there are three main tendencies in German history which might well have been placed in stronger relief, viz., the subdivision and decline of the old stem-duchies, the expansive movement east and west, and the consequent rise of new centres of influence on both frontiers, but more especially on the east. The reorganization of the Empire in the 14th century, and the subsequent history of Germany, are scarcely intelligible unless one grasps the gradual eastward movement of the centre of gravity in the German system. A modifying phrase introduced at page 239 would be sufficient to correct the impression that all French towns were "communes." The map illustrating voyages of discovery could be bettered by indicating the eastward movement of the Portuguese from India to the Moluccas (p. 349). The statement that Richelieu attacked the Huguenots "not only on religious grounds" (p. 457), might with advantage be so changed as to indicate that it was not *principally* on religious grounds that he attacked them. While it is technically true that the Declaration of Indulgence was issued by Charles II. "with a view of bettering the position of the non-conformists" (p. 491), this phraseology does not seem to us clearly to convey the precise purpose of the Declaration, which was issued primarily in the interests of Catholics.

These are matters of very slight importance indeed, and our suggestions are made merely with the desire that from so truly admirable a book even the slightest defects may be removed. To beginners and to schools Professor Robinson's introduction can be unqualifiedly recommended.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Andy. The Log of a Cowboy. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Albee, John. Remembrances of Emerson. Robert Grier Cooke.
Alden, Mrs. G. R. ("Pansy".) Mara. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company.
Armes, W. D. The Autobiography of Joseph Le Conte. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.
A Selection from the Best English Essays. Illustrative of the History of English Prose Style. Edited by Sherwin Cody. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.
Barker, A. F. An Introduction to the Study of Textile Design. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.
Balfour, Graham. The Educational Systems of Great Britain and Ireland. New ed. Henry Frowde. $2.50.
Barr, Amelia E. A Rose of a Hundred Leaves. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Bennet, Ida D. The Flower Garden: A Handbook of Practical Garden Lore. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Billings, J. S. The Physiological Aspects of the Liquor Problem. 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4.50.
Blair, Emma H., and Robertson, J. A. The Philippine Islands, 1493-1803. Vol. IV. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co. $4.
Brown, G. B. The Arts in Early England. 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co. $8.
Brown, Valentine. The Chieftain, and Satires. Portland (Ore.): Published by the Author.
Brown, W. G. A Gentleman of the South. Macmillan. $1.50.
Burdett's Hospitals and Charities, 1903. Edited by Henry Burdett. London: The Scientific Press; New York: Scribners. 5s.
Carman, Bliss. Pipes of Pan. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.
Channing, Edward. First Lessons in United States History. Macmillan. 60 cents.
Channing, W. E. Discourses on War. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Charles, Frances. The Siege of Youth. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Classen, Alexander. Quantitative Chemical Analysis by Electrolysis. Revised by B. B. Boltwood. John Wiley & Sons. $3.
Craddock, Charles Egbert. A Spectre of Power. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Dare, Dalton. Dainty Devils. W. H. Young & Co. $1.25.
Davis, A. H. On Our Selection! Sydney: The Bulletin Newspaper.
Davis, E. D. The Davis Parallel Gospels. Peter Eckler. $1.
Despotism and Democracy. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Dexter, F. B. Biographical Sketches of the Graduates of Yale College. Vol. III. H. Holt & Co.
Dwight, Timothy. Memories of Yale Life and Men. 1845-1899. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.
Edgar, W. C. The Story of a Grain of Wheat. D. Appleton & Co. $1.
Garnett, Richard, and Gosse, Edmund. English Literature in Illustrated Record. In four volumes. Vols. I. and III. Macmillan.
Garrison, G. P. Texas: A Contest of Civilizations. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10.
Pierce, G. J. A Text-Book of Plant Physiology. H. Holt & Co. $2.
Pollock, John. The Popish Plot. London: Duckworth & Co. 10s.
Ray, Anna C. The Dominant Strain. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Riis, J. A. The Peril and the Preservation of the Home. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
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